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[ONE PENNY.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INSTALLATION.

On Saturday, in the restored cathedral of St. Patrick, and with all the pomp, the popular rejoicing, and the picturesque effect proper to such an occasion, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was installed as a member of that illustrious order which holds the same relations to the nobility of Ireland as the orders of the Garter and the Thistle to the aristocracy of the sister kingdoms. Nothing which the Royal visitor could have done to acquire the affectionate regards of the Irish people could have had a better result than the event of Saturday, which will not only possess an historical importance but has an immediate interest which cannot be measured merely by the splendour of the ceremonial. George the Third regarded the institution of the order as a symbol of peace, amity, and loyalty. It can scarcely be going too far to predict that this hope will be realised in the time of his grand-daughter. By the act of Saturday the Prince of Wales has taken his place among the nobility of Ireland, and has, so to speak, naturalised himself in the estimation of the population. The multitude assembled in the streets to witness the procession was far larger than that which greeted their Royal Highnesses upon their arrival on Monday. The line of route was known to every one, and it was understood that the progress to and the return from the Cathedral would be made in State. Dublin is a city which easily assumes a festive appearance. Its thoroughfares are wide, its public buildings exhibit considerable architectural beauty, and its inhabitants are as quickly excited, and as fond of making holiday as if the grievances they complain of were wholly imaginary and they were the freest and happiest population in the world. The scene outside the Castle gates was exceedingly characteristic. The railings black with curious youngsters, the steep and curving road packed with men and women of the poorer classes; the City Hall, with its unsightly platform, out of which protruded in strange contrast to the gloom of its portico the marble statue of O'Connell; the throng of gaily dressed ladies that sat for five weary hours waiting, was very remarkable, if not a very attractive picture; and then came Dame-street, spanned by gay steamers of blue and scarlet and green, iterating Tennyson's line "We are all of us Danes in our welcome to thee," or in Moore's more appropriate couplet:—

Blest for ever was she who relied
On Erin's honour and Erin's pride,



LORD ELCHO.

And further on the magnificent open space of the College-green, where balconies had been erected, and the roofs of both Bank and College had been assigned to favoured sightseers. Passing slowly through Nassau-street, Stephen's-green, York-street, and Aungier-street, the procession reached at length the South Close of the Cathedral, and the near approach of the Royal party was made known to those within the building by the vociferous acclamations of the multitude outside. The strains of the National Anthem, played at the grand entrance by the band of the Grenadier Guards, were taken up in a few moments by the choir in the chancel. The

order and the others who had joined in the procession fell to the right and left, taking the places assigned to them, and the knights proceeded to their stalls, where they remained standing until the Grand Master reached his stall. His Excellency, making his reverence, took his seat, and the Duke of Cambridge, as senior installed knight, with due reverence, seated himself. The same form being gone through by each of the other installed knights, the Prince of Wales, having made a similar reverence, took his seat in front of his stall. At the command of the Grand Master, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Marquis

western gate of St. Patrick's is never opened except upon state occasions. But for the purpose of the installation ceremony it was found necessary to erect in front of the entrance a large pavilion, in which the knights might robe and the procession form. This was done with very little delay, and precisely at half-past three a flourish of trumpets sounded, and as the organ played the first bar of "God save the Queen," the entire assemblage stood up, and all eyes were turned to the western extremity of the nave. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, as Grand Master of the order of St. Patrick, was received by the Dean and Chapter, who took the first place in the procession. The Prince walked by himself, wearing the uniform of a general officer. Meanwhile the organ pealed and the choir sang. There was a great and sudden stir amongst the spectators as the Princess of Wales, the Marchioness of Abercorn, and the Marchioness of Carmarthen passed through the central aisle to the seats provided for them. The Princess wore a light blue silk, the colour of the order, trimmed with white. Hitherto the scene had been brilliant; now it became exciting. The eagerness that the assembly exhibited to see every point of a ceremony which was not visible as a whole from any one part of the building; the rustle of dresses, the effects of colour as every one stood up to obtain a better view, the expression of intense animation on the faces of the throng, possessed a kind of dramatic interest. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot (Earl of Waterford in the Irish peerage), hereditary Grand Seneschal of Ireland, having performed the duty assigned to him in the reception of the Princess, the procession which had disappeared for a few minutes in the chapter room, where the formal direction to hold the installation had been read, returned to the choir in a slightly different order. When the choir was reached the officers of

of Conyngham, as senior knights present, descended from the stalls, and by them his Royal Highness was girt with the sword, the prelate reading the following admonition:—"Take this sword to the increase of your honour, and in token and sign of the most illustrious order which you have received, wherewith you being defended may be bold, strong to fight in defence of those rites and ordinances to which you have engaged, and to the just and necessary defence of those that be oppressed and needy." His Royal Highness was then robed with the mantle, the prescribed admonition being read by the Prelate as follows:—"Receive this robe and livery of this Most Illustrious Order, in augmentation of thine honour, and wear it with a firm and steady resolution that by your character, conduct, and demeanour you may prove yourself a true servant of Almighty God, and a worthy Brother and Knight Companion of this Most Illustrious Order." The Prince of Wales having advanced to the stall of the Grand Master, his Excellency invested him with the collar of the Order, saying, Sir.—The loving company of the Order of St. Patrick hath received you their brother, lover, and fellow, and in token and knowledge of this they give you and present you this badge, the which God will that you receive and wear from henceforth to His praise and pleasure, and to the exaltation and honour of the said Illustrious Order and yourself."

On being re-conducted to his stall his Royal Highness made his reverence to the Grand Master, and remained standing with his hat on. Thereupon the Senior Esquire of the Prince unfurled his Royal Highness's banner, which he waved in the centre of the choir, and Ulster King of Arms, with a flourish of trumpets—all present standing—declared his titles. At the conclusion of the proclamation all resumed their seats, except the Officers of Arms, and the Esquires. The principal Esquire presented the offering in a purse to the Registrar, and Ulster, receiving the banner from the Esquire, delivered it to the Registrar, who deposited it within the rails. The Esquires and Officers of Arms, with due reverences, then returned to their places, and the choir performed the grand anthem from the "Creation" commencing "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and concluding with the chorus, "The heavens are telling." This being concluded, the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus from the "Messiah," and then Ulster King of Arms rose, and making three reverences to the Grand Master, waved his sceptre, whereupon the procession, marshalled as on entering the Cathedral, moved down the middle aisle towards the great west entrance, where it fell to the right and left to allow the Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge to pass to their carriages.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the re-assembling on Monday, after the expiration of the Easter holidays, on the order for going into committee of supply, Mr. Smollett raised a discussion on the manner in which certain joint-stock companies had for the last eight years performed the functions entrusted to them of supplying irrigation to public lands in India from their own funds. In the course of a lengthy speech the hon. member condemned as impolitic the system of public guarantees introduced by the late Secretary of State for India and acted upon by his successor, and urged that it ought to be discontinued.—Sir S. Northcote admitted that, with the experience he had acquired in office, he had come to a conclusion adverse to the system of guarantee. It was a bad one, and ought to be restricted, and, if possible, fairly put an end to. By allowing guaranteed companies to undertake works of irrigation the Government exposed itself to considerable difficulty and embarrassment. The true policy was to retain the works in its own hands, and to carry them out by means of public loans.—After some further discussion the motion was negatived without a division, and the House went into committee on the Civil Service Estimates.

In the House of Commons Mr. Lefevre obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law with respect to the property of married women, the object of which was to alter the common law so as to enable a wife to retain the portion which she might have possessed prior to marriage, and any money to which she might thereafter be entitled, whether by earnings or bequest, and that she might sue or be sued as a single woman, and not as *femme covert*.—On the order for going into committee on the Capital Punishment within Prisons Bill, Mr. Gilpin made an affecting and powerful appeal to the House in favour of the total abolition of the punishment of death, and moved an amendment declaratory of the opinion of the House to that effect.—The House dividing, the amendment was negatived by 127 to 23.—The bill was then committed, and after a lengthened discussion of the clauses, was ordered to be reported with amendments.

FATAL COLLISION IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.—On Saturday night a collision took place in the Bristol Channel, just below Ilfracombe, that resulted in the loss of four lives. It appeared that the barque Orchid, 250 tons burthen, was coming up the Channel, laden with sugar from Barbadoes, and between nine and ten o'clock the French schooner La Reine Blanche, laden with coals from Newport, and bound for Brest, while going down the Channel happened to run into the Bristol vessel. The shock proved so severe that the schooner, in about two minutes after the collision, sank. She had seven men on board, including the captain, who tried to save himself by swimming towards the Orchid, but he and three of the men were drowned. Of the others, one was picked up by the Fearless, tug boat, of Bristol, that was following in the wake of the barque, and two were saved by the crew of the Orchid. As far as we have been enabled to learn there does appear to have been any blame attachable to the crew of the Orchid, as directly they observed the schooner they tried to wear her, but the French captain, either from fright or some other cause, luffed under the bow of the Orchid, and thus ran into her. The weather was extremely hazy at the time.

ACCIDENTS.—The Accident Insurance Company (7, Bank-buildings) have just issued a list of claims paid during the year ended the 31st December last. Names are omitted in deference to the wish of many insurers, but other modes of identification are adopted. The briefest details of the circumstances under which the various claims were made would occupy a very large amount of space; as it is, a number of pages of a small pamphlet are occupied simply by an enumeration of the numbers of the policies, the counties in which the mishaps occurred, and the sums paid. The total number of claims was 1,590, and they arose from accidents on railways, in mines, in the field, the street, on water, by fire, machinery, firearms, &c. A somewhat startling statement is made, and that one would appear almost incredible, but that it is borne out by facts—namely, that 2,000,000 of persons, or one in every ten of the population, receive injury every year from accidents of more or less serious character. Of these, 10,000 are killed, or die from the direct effects of the accident. The total amount paid in claims is £250,000 since 1849. This is striking evidence of the advantage reaped by the public in making provision against those casualties to which all are more or less liable.—*City Press.*

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., arrived in town on Monday afternoon from Hawarden Castle, for the meeting of Parliament.

THE QUEEN arrived at Osborne on Friday evening. Her Majesty will remain there for about three weeks, and then return to Windsor previous to leaving for Scotland.

THE Prince of Wales's Royal Theatre was honoured on Saturday evening by the presence of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Elphinstone and Lieut. Picard.

THE Bishop of Winchester, we are happy to say, has so far recovered from his late attack as to be enabled to take an airing in his carriage on Friday. His lordship has not yet, however, fully recovered the faculty of speech.

BARON VIDIL, who it may be remembered was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in England some time ago for an extraordinary attempt to murder his son—an imprisonment which he actually suffered in Newgate—died on Monday last at Dr. Dubois' Sanatorium, in Paris, aged 58.

ON Friday afternoon an address, signed by about 50 of the principal tenantry, was presented to Baron Fitzwalter, of Woodham Walter (late Sir Brook Bridges). The address was read by the vicar, the Rev. M. T. Spencer, who marched at the head of 100 of the tenantry of the Kentish estates to Goodnestone Park.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, though recovering in health, will be unable to resume his duties either in Parliament or at the War Office for about a fortnight. Mr. Otway's motion on the amalgamation of the War Office and Horse Guards, and Mr. Trevelyan's for the abolition of purchase in the army, which stood for Monday and Tuesday respectively, will be postponed in consequence of the absence of the Secretary for War.

THE mortal remains of the late Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., were on Monday committed to their last resting-place in the family vault in Hatfield Church, Hertfordshire. The church is adjacent to the old Elizabethan mansion which has belonged to the Salisbury family for about 250 years, having been built by Robert, first Earl of Salisbury, and since then the principal members of the Cecil family have been buried there.

THE members of the Gun Club opened their season on Saturday at the club ground, Shepherd's Bush, when there was an unusually large attendance of both members and outsiders. The weather, although overcast and cold, was by no means unfavourable to shooting, which, however, was scarcely up to the average, notwithstanding the fact that amongst the entries were the names of several gentlemen who have the reputation of being the "crack shots of the club."

THE Lord Chancellor, and Lord Stanley, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, have been staying in town during the parliamentary recess.—The Prince Minister returned to town on Saturday afternoon from his seat in Buckinghamshire. The Right Hon. the First Lord of the Admiralty who has since the death of his wife been staying at the Isle of Wight, returned to town on Tuesday. The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer has arrived in town from his country seat. The Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy returned to his residence in Grosvenor Crescent on Monday from his seat in Kent. The Right Hon. Lord John Manners has returned to town from Folkestone.

HER Grace the Duchess of Marlborough on Wednesday laid the chief stone of the new church of St. John the Evangelist at Hailey, in the county of Oxford. The special service commenced with the Litany and a sermon by the Ven. Archdeacon Wordsworth in the old church of St. John, after which there was a collection amounting to about £60. The procession, comprising the clergy, the duchess and suite, with other county families and visitors, then left the church and moved down the village towards the new site, where the chief stone was laid by her grace with the usual forms. As soon as the ceremonies were over the company adjourned to partake of luncheon at the school-room, which was decorated for the occasion. The new church will be erected in the early 13th century Gothic style, from the designs of Mr. Clapton Rife, architect. It will contain 250 sittings, and the estimated cost of the work, including boundaries, is about £2,000, but a large balance of this sum still remains to be raised.

A LADY CHARGED WITH HAVING FOUR HUSBANDS.

AT the Southwark Police-court a tall, handsome, and fashionably-dressed lady, who was described on the charge sheet as Mrs. Rickaby, 24 years of age, of independent means, was brought before Mr. Burcham charged with intermarrying with Robert Mills, Charles Reeves, and Humphrey Parcell Blackmore, her first husband being then and now living. The prisoner was attired in travelling costume, and had with her two valuable dogs, a pair of canaries, and a large quantity of luggage.

MR. H. W. Vallance, who appeared for the prosecution, said that he was instructed by Dr. Blackmore, a physician, residing at Salisbury, who had married the prisoner at Perth on the 1st of October last, to proceed against the prisoner for bigamy, and on the Monday they traced her from Exeter to London, coming up in the same train, and on their arrival they had a constable in attendance at the Waterloo Terminus, to whom he gave her into custody. He was not prepared to go into all the facts of the case now, but he would give sufficient evidence to warrant a remand.

Mr. Vallance was then sworn, and produced copies of certificates of the marriage of the prisoner with Charles Reeves, of Cardiff, on the 2nd of June, 1863, and on the 22nd January, 1866, at Carlisle, with Robert Mills; and lastly with his client, Mr. Humphrey Purcell Blackmore, physician, Salisbury, on the 1st of October last at Perth. During all the marriages her first husband was living.—Mr. Burcham asked if he was living at the present time?

Mr. Vallance replied in the affirmative. He saw him in good health on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Burcham told him he must have some evidence of one of the marriages.

Mr. Vallance said that the marriage with Mr. Blackmore was celebrated according to the Scotch law, and he had the contract between the parties drawn up by the prisoner, and signed by Mr. Blackmore and witnesses.

Mr. Burcham asked if he was in a position to prove the prisoner's handwriting?

Mr. Vallance replied in the affirmative, as he had corresponded with her for some time in business transactions. The contract produced was in her handwriting. He had compared it with letters she had written to him, and it corresponded exactly.

The Prisoner here said that her first marriage was void. The man Reeves' name was Rutter when he married her. He took advantage of her.

Mr. Burcham told her that if she was married to him it was a valid marriage. If that was void there was her marriage with Mills.

The Prisoner said that Mills at the time was a married man, and had a wife and children living.

Mr. Burcham observed that if such was the case there had been a double bigamy.

Mr. Vallance here said it was a painful thing for him to prosecute the prisoner, whose connections were highly respectable, but he had a duty to perform to his client and the public. He therefore asked for a remand to enable him to produce evidence of the former marriages.

Mr. Burcham accordingly remanded her until Monday next, agreeing to accept two sureties in 100% each for her appearance. Bail not being forthcoming she was remanded to Horsemonger-lane Gaol.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

TWO candidates have entered the field at Cockerham—Mr. Isaac Fletcher, of Tarnbank, and Major Green Thompson, of Bridekirk. Major Green Thompson has announced his intention to contest the representation of the borough as a Conservative candidate. A committee has been formed for the purpose of assisting to secure Major Thompson's return.

THE coal and iron trades are just now suffering from strikes and a complete prostration of trade. The "black country" is no longer illuminated by its accustomed Cyclopean fires; and in South Lancashire disputes have arisen between the colliers and their employers which have ended in extensive strikes. At Wigan, where the masters have been attempting to supply the place of those who have "turned out" by introducing colliers from other districts, great excitement and alarm has prevailed for some weeks, until at length it has been found necessary to take energetic steps for the prevention of lawless and vengeful violence. Special constables have been sworn in, military assistance is held in readiness, and the authorities hourly expect the commencement of attacks upon persons and property.

THE "singing men and singing women" are "tinkling their cymbals" with a vengeance! says the *Athenaeum*, if the tales of the rise in prices they now demand are true. It was the other day told as a joke, which is no joke, that that pitiful singer and indolent woman, Madle Schneider, on being invited to come over to England to display her airs and graces, for one evening, in the private house of a millionaire, demanded only sixteen hundred pounds! This, however, may have merely been dash of impudence, analogous to that by which (if tales be true) she gained for her carriage entry to the Great Exhibition as the Grand Duchess de Gröenstein. It is known that Madle Tietjens rates her services on similar occasions four times as high as did Madle Sontag; and yet the two as vocalists, above all as drawing-room singers, when compared, the latter to the former one, are what pewter would be if compared with highly-wrought silver.

THE cathedral of St. Patrick stands in what was once the most populous and fashionable—and though still the most populous, is now the most squalid and miserable portion of the city of Dublin. It is more than six centuries since John Comyn, a Norman prelate, laid the foundation of the building, and since then the vicissitudes through which it has passed have been landmarks in the troubled history of Ireland. Though not so ancient or renowned as Cashel, it stands upon the site of one of the earliest of Irish churches, and where the shadows gather darkest beneath its lofty tower was once a well, to which the national saint gave his blessing and his name; and here the piety of a primitive population raised one of those rude churches, the remains of which, more or less dilapidated, may be found in many parts of Ireland. Part of this venerable relic of antiquity is still preserved in a vaulted apartment at the extremity of the southern aisle, where are preserved the effigies of the founder of the cathedral and three of his successors. This gloomy recess has been the scene of some trouble. Here soldiers of Cromwell bid themselves from the rage of an excited populace, and adherents of James II.'s broken fortunes concealed themselves from the followers of the Prince of Orange, and here the clergy stowed their treasure out of sight of iconoclastic Roundheads and avaricious reformers. Not far from this is said to be preserved, although we have never met any one who saw it, the veritable skull of the staunch Duke Schomberg, and a scarcely less interesting relic—the cannon ball which killed St. Ruth at Aughrim. St. Patrick's is, in truth, a kind of stone-setting to Irish history. By turns a church, a court, a barrack, a council chamber, a place where parliaments have assembled, where a college flourished, where Thomas Fuller uttered his quaint conceits, and Jeremy Taylor exercised his wonderful eloquence; where men have advocated restoration and revolution, where factions have fought and theologians wrangled, it is certainly the most remarkable edifice existing in Ireland, and by reason of its historical associations will compare with Westminster Abbey itself. Yet there is only one memorial tablet under its roof inscribed with a name really illustrious in the literature of England. On a piece of black marble fixed against the wall of the southern aisle in such a position that most visitors would pass without noticing it, is the strange epitaph which Jonathan Swift composed for himself, and which contains the truest and most mournful comment upon a life of unceasing turmoil and secret agony; savage wrath tears his heart no longer; silent grief does not pale the cheek of Stella; jealousy cannot torture Vanessa in her grave. A past so full of incident can scarcely fail to be fruitful in instruction, and while it tells the story of ceaseless feuds and disappointed ambition, it presents changes of character so deep and radical that under the roof of St. Patrick's an Irishman does not feel his kinship with the vigorous and daring spirits who once held not only the Church but the State in subjection. The transformation which time has wrought in the minds of men is not more complete than that which art and energy have accomplished for the cathedral itself. Eight years ago the building was fast approaching a state of utter dilapidation. The walls were crumbling, the arches falling, the flying buttresses wearing away, the nave was without a ceiling, the transepts were blocked up, the spire had lost some feet of its original height, and the roof was gradually breaking. Mr. now Sir, Benjamin Lee Guinness, was touched by this spectacle, and resolved to remove so great a reproach. He found the building in that state of antiquity which immediately precedes the period of the pictorial, and in five years, by the expenditure of nearly £200,000, he repaired the ravages of time, and completed, rather than restored, the original design.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.—Mr. Baworth, the eminent publisher in Regent's-street, has been appointed treasurer for that district of London, and will receive subscriptions on behalf of the national movement for promoting the gradual restoration of the ancient British churches to the rich and poor alike.

PEARLS IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—A Perth paper says: "Great success has attended the pearl fishery on the north-west coast, and this has induced the fitting out of several small vessels for enlarging it. At present it can scarcely be called a fishery, as at best all that is done is to prowl along the coast and gather as many as can be seen at low water; even by these rude means between forty and fifty tons have been taken this season, most of which is on its way to England. It is evident a vessel fitted with proper diving apparatus would make a good thing of this fishery, as it is said very large shells are to be seen lying in deep water; a vessel so fitted was expected at Nicol Bay a short time since. The shells are known to exist all along the coast."

"**CAPTAIN NAGLE.**"—The Irish press announces that "Captain Nagle" has been set at liberty on condition that he proceeds forthwith to America; and "Historicus" writes to a contemporary, briefly announcing that he entirely approves the conduct of the Irish Executive in the matter. He thinks that it has been as well to avoid a question of ambiguous legality, which could scarcely have been satisfactorily argued, as that eminent international jurist could not have been retained on both sides. We trust that the Irish Executive duly appreciates the approbation of that modest writer.

A HINT.—Cambridge, in the recent contest, is said to have had a rather indifferent coxswain in Mr. Warner. We would, therefore, warn her to alter this next year!

METROPOLITAN.

A RETURN issued on Saturday relative to Post Office savings banks shows that the balance due to depositors on the 31st December last was £9,749,729 9s. 9d., amount of expenses remaining unpaid £25,000, and surplus of funds to meet liabilities, £143,910 7s. 6d. The total amount received from depositors to the same date was £25,587,037 14s. 8d., and the total amount repaid, £1,817,106 4s. 11d.

ON Tuesday a large meeting of London clergymen assembled at Sion College, under the presidency of the Rev. W. Rodgers, to take into consideration the Gladstonian scheme for disestablishing the Irish Church. After an ineffectual opposition from Mr. Milman, minor canon of St. Paul's, and rector of St. Faith's, Watling-street, it was resolved to send petitions under the seal of the college to the Queen and to both Houses of Parliament praying them not to sanction the severance of Church and State in Ireland.

MESSRS. STUART MILL and Peter Taylor, the persecutors of ex-Governor Eyre, made another move on Friday. Sir Robert Collier applied to Mr. Vaughan, the sitting magistrate at Bow-street, for a summons against Mr. Eyre, first, for having issued an illegal and oppressive proclamation; and, secondly, for having continued to act upon that proclamation beyond the time when, according to his own showing, there was any necessity for it. The learned counsel overwhelmed the magistrate with stale arguments and vexed questions of law, precedents, and cases, so that the summons was granted.

A SAILOR has been found on the North Woolwich Railway under circumstances which seem to leave little doubt of his being murdered. The professional evidence at the inquest attributed his death to severe fractures of the skull, and it is supposed that the body having been placed in water so as to thoroughly saturate the clothes, was then laid between the rails, where it was run over by an engine before it was discovered. The unfortunate deceased was traced from public-house to public-house on the preceding night, and it was also shown that he was robbed and ill-treated in some of the dens of infamy to be found on the banks of the Thames. The inquiry was adjourned.

ON Saturday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, a very severe fire broke out at 47, Gerrard-street, Soho, the lodgings of the Japanese Troupe, now performing at the Lyceum Theatre, which had done a considerable amount of damage. The fire was first discovered by the interpreter, the flames at the time coming out of the first-floor windows. After the fire was extinguished it was found that the three upper floors had been completely gutted, with the exception of some boxes of costumes, and a considerable amount of property has been destroyed. The troupe performed on Saturday night as usual. There are five children with them who lodged at this house.

ALL the Fenian prisoners charged with the Clerkenwell murder appear to be in a state of complete poverty, and totally unable to provide the means for their defence. An application was made to Government for pecuniary assistance to enable them to retain counsel, but the Secretary of State did not feel himself justified in acceding to the request. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex were next applied to with the same object, and with a similar result, as the sheriffs, after full consideration, were of opinion that they would not be justified in diverting any portion of their fund from its legitimate object, of affording relief and assistance to discharged prisoners, with a view to enable them to obtain an honest livelihood if so disposed, to such a purpose.

THE evil results of not licensing watermen's boats was shown at an inquest held at Hampton Court by Dr. Diplock. Last Monday a great number of persons engaged boats at Ditton, Surbiton, and Hampton Court, the river between Hampton locks and Kingston being in parts quite crowded with craft of all sorts, some of which were in the hands of every inexperienced person. Many narrow escapes were witnessed, but in the afternoon a fatal accident occurred on the Water Gallery at Hampton Court. A skiff, in which were ten adults, came into collision with another, similarly crowded, and one went down immediately, ten persons being thrown into deep water. By dint of great exertions on the part of persons near, all, save one young woman, were rescued. The facts having been proved, it was elicited by the learned coroner that watermen's skiffs were no longer licensed at Waterman's Hall, the effect being that there was no restriction upon the number allowed to be carried. Formerly, penalties attached to any waterman carrying more than the prescribed number to enter his boat. Dr. Diplock said that he thought some steps should be taken to restore the licensing system, and that the people in the neighbourhood should take the matter up. It was stated that the local board of Euston Moultney intended to take up the subject. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The deceased was Mary Baker, aged sixteen, of St. John's Street, Clerkenwell.

THERE was nothing of special interest to note in the proceedings at the St. James's Hall meeting for the defence of the Irish Church on Friday night, except the speech of Mr. Boylan, who was vehemently cheered in consequence of having been introduced as an Irish Roman Catholic. This gentleman is reported to have commenced a brief speech by stating that he had been connected since his childhood with the Protestant nobility of Ireland, "an honour which," said he, addressing the minority (for there was a minority, and a strongly dissentient one, despite the attempts made to secure unanimity), "many of you Gladstonians have never had." Ireland had for many years laboured under grievances, but he hoped to live to see them removed. It was not, however, the disestablishment of the Protestant Church which the Irish wanted, and he would tell Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright that, to use a vulgar expression, their proposal was like throwing a picked bone to a dog. The dog turned away and sought for something better, and so the Irish turned from Mr. Gladstone's offer, and asked the Queen and the Government to redress their grievances. He cordially supported the resolution, and would endorse nearly all that had been said by the chairman, though to some of his expressions he might take exception, not that he had spoken of his religion with disrespect, but that he had represented the priesthood as all in one boat. Now, the fact was that there were exceptions, and had Archbishop Murray been living there would not have been Paul Cullen, or any other man, throwing the apple of discord among them. He ventured to say that if he went over to Ireland with a petition in favour of the Irish Church he would get the signatures of a hundred Catholic priests. Nobody could deny that the priests had great power, but as a Roman Catholic he would tell them that, instead of reading requiems over the Fenians who unfortunately were executed, they would be better employed in preaching unanimity, and not discord, to their flocks. The first falling out he ever had with his father was in consequence of hearing his stepmother say that no person out of the pale of the Catholic Church could be saved. He left the room when she said that, for he should be very sorry to believe such a doctrine. If the Pope of Rome were present he would plainly tell him that, while respecting him as his spiritual adviser, he would not tolerate interference with his politics or domestic arrangements. Mr. Boylan defied anybody to tell him that he was not a Roman Catholic, declaring that he was a staunch one. The Irish, he added, wished to have their children educated fairly and honestly, without bigotry and without disaffection, and he hoped to see Mr. Disraeli and the Government triumphant on the 27th, when the contest would be renewed. For the rest, Mr. J. C. Colquhoun was in the chair, and no speaker of greater standing than Mr. O'Malley, Q.C., addressed the meeting. There were no dignitaries of the Church and no members of Parliament present. Resolutions against Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were adopted.

PROVINCIAL.

A FREE library, containing about 10,000 volumes was opened in Nottingham on Monday.

SAMUEL JENKINS, an ex-railway guard, was charged before the Kidderminster borough magistrates with having placed obstructions on the Great Western Railway with intent to upset a passenger train. The facts of the case, as they have been already detailed, were proved, and the prisoner was committed for trial.

Two labourers, named Buckley and Wilson, were on Thursday clearing away the slag from a furnace at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company's Works, which had to be done by blasting. Buckley was holding the rammer and Wilson striking the blows, when the charge exploded, and the former had his right hand shattered, and his right arm broken off; his left hand terribly shattered, and his right arm broken in several places. Amputation of both limbs was necessary, and the poor fellow, as well as Wilson, who was badly burned, lies in a precarious condition.

EDWARD MITCHELMORE, the switchman, through whose negligence the recent railway accident occurred at Torquay Station, resulting in the death of Charles March, the driver, and occasioning serious injuries to Kerswill, the stoker, and Stanlak, the guard of the luggage train, surrendered on Friday to the police. The prisoner, who has hitherto borne an excellent character, seems to feel his position very acutely, and expresses much sympathy to the widow of the deceased, who is in the last stage of consumption.

SOME soldiers of the Grenadier Guards were drinking in a public-house near Essex-Dublin, on Thursday night, when a quarrel arose amongst them, in the course of which one of them received a violent blow in the abdomen, from the effects of which he fell. His comrades, apparently seeing that he was dangerously injured, did not wait to ascertain the result, but all left him where he lay. A picket which was on patrol was called in, and they procured a shutter, on which the man was placed, and conveyed to Ship-street Barracks, on reaching which it was found that he was dead.

THE details of the assassination of Mr. Fetherstonhaugh appear to have been marked with shocking atrocity. The unfortunate gentleman had been in Dublin on Wednesday to participate in the general welcome given to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and had left by the 7.30 p.m. mail train to return to his residence. At Kilcullen Station, a servant was waiting with a trap to convey his master to Branklyn Castle, about four miles from the station. On reaching a village about half-way, called Knockshenan, soon after nine o'clock, he was stopped by a party of men, dragged from the vehicle into the road, and several shots fired into his body with instantaneous fatal effect. The murderers then dispersed, and the servant, finding himself un molested, succeeded in placing his master's body in the trap, and conveyed it to the Castle. The outrage, as may well be supposed, has produced a profound sensation.

WHILE workmen were digging for the site of a new building in Trongate, Glasgow, a few days ago, they came upon a number of coins, embedded in the clay a few inches under the surface. It is believed that there were about 100 pieces in all, but they had got dispersed and carried off by the men before anything was said of the matter. By considerable effort, however, 80 of the coins have been recovered and of these nearly 30 are clearly recognisable as Elizabethan. All of them are much worn, but the impression can, in almost every instance, be readily made out. There are six or eight of King James's Irish pieces. All these bear traces of long circulation, and in some cases the irregularity of the edges would seem to indicate that they had been clipped. The coinage of Charles is as numerously represented as that of Elizabeth. Of the Scotch 40-penny pieces two or three are in very perfect condition. Others have been a good deal knocked about, but the small size and thinness of this coin seems to have saved it from being "sweated." The whole of the pieces seem to have been coined by the old process of hammering. The edges bear no trace of milling, and the impressions in some cases seem to have been imperfectly made. A shilling of Charles, for instance, looks as if, being twice struck, its position had been shifted between the blows.

GOSSIP FROM THE OWL.

WE learn that the Duke of Marlborough is to have the Garter that is vacant by the death of the Marquis of Salisbury.—It is premature to state that the Duke of Northumberland has been appointed lord-lieutenant of Middlesex. We hear that no arrangements have yet been made, but that it is not improbable that this honour will be conferred on the Marquis of Exeter.—Mr. Gladstone has set at rest any doubt which may have existed as to his course of action on the Irish Church Resolutions. On Tuesday evening in the House of Commons one of his supporters alluded to the rumoured withdrawal of the second and third Resolutions. Mr. Gladstone replied that, be the consequences what they might, all his propositions would be moved, and, if they were resisted divisions taken on each.—Mr. Pope Hennessy, Governor of Lituania, is favourably mentioned for the governorship of South Australia vacant by the death of the late Sir Dominick Daly.—All the Roman Catholic bishops of England are at present in London. They assembled last evening at Archbishop Manning's conversation, preparatory to their synodical meeting to-morrow.—It was stated on Tuesday night in the lobbies of the House of Commons that the Government were going to introduce a bill to abolish the "personal payment of rates" in boroughs.—It is understood that the "slaughter of the innocents," to follow the renewed debate on the Irish Church, will not extend to the Bankruptcy Bill.—A meeting of Scotch members is shortly to be held for the purpose of considering whether the pending motion in reference to increased representation for Scotland, and for disfranchising the small English boroughs, should not be made the subject of distinct resolutions.—The Government Telegraph Bill has been vigorously opposed, on technical points, before the standing orders examiners, to whom it was found necessary that it should be referred; but they decided on Monday that the measure was correctly promoted, and the second reading, originally fixed for the 20th inst., will take place on Monday, May 4.—The public income and expenditure accounts for the financial year have been presented to Parliament, in anticipation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget. It is very generally believed that they disclose a falling off in the national earnings of more than two millions and a half sterling.

EASTER DECORATIONS.—The question nowadays is not so much, "Shall we dress our churches at Easter?" as "How shall we dress them?" And it is on this point that I seem to myself to have a few words to say. For in most of the accounts of Easter decorations, and in most churches that I have personally inspected, there is one feature to which I cannot but demur. That I shall dispute what thus appears to be a very general custom, would perhaps at first sight make against my opinion. I will, however, state it, and then each can judge for himself. My objection is to the use of evergreens and dried flowers in the Easter decoration of churches. It seems to me that they entirely spoil the symbolism of the work. This, I repeat, is the Feast of the Resurrection. There should not be in the church one flower that had not risen from the death of winter. The green, so far as can be, should be all risen green. The commentary of God's works, beautifully and suitably introduced into His house, should be kept in harmony with the text of God's word—"Christ is risen from the dead!" That is the Easter text.—Churchman's Shilling Magazine.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

A DESPATCH from Riga, of 17th inst., says that the Dome Ness passage has been re-closed by the ice since the 12th inst. Five ships are blocked up, and run great danger. A violent storm from the north-west prevailed.

THE North German Parliament has adopted a resolution, calling upon the Chancellor of the Confederation to open negotiations with foreign Powers in order to obtain a treaty establishing the principle of the inviolability of private property at sea.

ACCORDING to the *Journal de Liège*, the judicial authorities have discovered the source of the distribution of money made by the leaders of the late strike at Charleroi. The funds are believed to have been furnished by the "International Association of Workmen" which got up the disturbances at Geneva.

ON Saturday, Count Digny, the Finance Minister, presented to the Italian Chamber of Deputies a series of proposals for effecting savings in the budget of 1868 to the amount of a hundred million of lire. The count at the same time announced that the Government intended to effect a financial operation with the Church property in order to abolish the forced currency.

LORD LYONS, our ambassador at Paris, gave a grand banquet at the English Embassy on Thursday, at which the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, and several other Ministers and notabilities, were present. The same night there was a ball at the Grand Hotel, for the benefit of the English Benevolent Society, at which Lord Lyons and all the ambassadors attended. The fête is described to have been a most brilliant one.

THE Impeachment trial before the American Senate is proceeding much more rapidly than was expected. In consequence of the Court refusing to receive the testimony of several members of the Cabinet as the advice they tendered to the President respecting the Tenure of Offices Bill, the evidence for the defence appears to have been suddenly concluded on Monday last. On Wednesday the managers for the prosecution replied on the evidence.

THE Hansa, from New York, on the 9th inst., arrived at Southampton on Monday. Mr. Sumner had introduced a bill into the Senate providing that no person shall hereafter be eligible either to the Presidency or Vice-Presidency for a second time.—The new constitution of Arkansas has been adopted.—Several persons had been arrested on suspicion of being engaged in the assassination of Mr. McGee, and there was very strong evidence against a man named Whelan.

THE Tribunal of Correctional Police, says a Paris correspondent, has emulated the Chassepot at Mentana, and achieved a miraculous result. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Debate*, the *Liberte*, and the *Avenir National*, had instituted against M. de Kerveygan a prosecution for slander. The Court have acquitted M. de Kerveygan, on the ground that the innuendo promised M. de Cassagnac for publishing the libel charging these papers with venality must be extended to him.

THE Little journals report a terrible catastrophe in that city. A few days since the large steam-engine boiler—60-horse power—in the establishment of A.M. Dequey and Co., spinners, exploded with a frightful crash, spreading death and destruction around. The workpeople rushed out, as best they could, in great consternation. But the calamity did not end there, as the tall chimney of the factory, which was upwards of 60 feet high, fell in the course of a few minutes afterwards, overthrowing no doubt by the shock of the explosion. The people of the entire neighbourhood were frightenedly alarmed. The material loss cannot as yet be computed, but six of the workmen were killed, some of them fathers of families, and eight wounded more or less grievously. The cause of the explosion is thought to have been a sudden flow of water into the overheated boiler.

DURING the closing days of last week, says a correspondent, writing from New York, the impeachment trial was less attractive to the general public than an ordinary farce. Not more than a dozen members of the House of Representatives assembled on Saturday, and the galleries were deserted. It is now proposed to abolish the "ticket system," since holders of tickets will not come, and admit the mob. Such a plan ought to be adopted; for myself, I must again protest against the exclusion of Sambo from a trial in which he is so seriously concerned. Poor nigger! good enough "to exercise the highest right of a freeman" in the South, but not good enough to witness a show of this sort; and even now trodden into the bogs of Michigan as a detestable object—trodden down by the feet of his pretended liberators. What were their chains and slavery, with their concomitants of pumpkin and sugar-cane, to this starvation of Sambo's intellect? Listen to the song of the Senators:—

"Who dat knocking at the dooah?
Who dat knocking at the dooah?
"Jess lem me in,—
"Tis I," says Jem."
(Chorus of Senators.)

"Yar not good-lookin' and yar can't come in."

Possibly, however, the white people will renew their attention when the President's counsel open their case, and when General Sherman, General Steadman, and other distinguished persons are placed upon the witness stand.

COUNT BISMARCK, says the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* has declined the Napoleonic proposals respecting a Russo-Prussian co-operation in the East. He has likewise refused to renounce the idea of a nearer connection with Southern Germany, in return for an unequivocal recognition of the new arrangements in the North. While assuring France that he has for the present no intention to cross the Main, and extend the Federal institutions to its southern bank, he has yet given her to understand that this is a purely internal question, on which no engagement can be entered into with foreign Powers. To this cautious intimation he either has, or at any rate might have added that, little inclined as he is to precipitate the consummation of the German destinies, it is just possible that were France to embroil herself in some other quarter his countrymen would force him to profit by this favourable opportunity for realising the unity-ideal of the race. Thus denied admittance at the first door at which he knocked, Napoleon has deemed it too venturesome to continue his round and strike a bargain with Russia, independent of Prussia. Had he done otherwise he would have run the risk of seeing Germany united while he was deep in the intricacies of the Eastern question. It is very evident now that to prevent this was one of the principal reasons which induced him to make an offer of so-called co-operation at Berlin. As regards Russia, she is somewhat sulky at Prussia's defeating a plot so nearly affecting her interests. The more warlike among her statesmen actually talk as if they need only stretch out the hand to effect an agreement with France irrespective of this Government—a hint which General Ignatief took special care to throw out during his late sojourn here. But Prince Gortchakoff and the more temperate among his colleagues do not approve such a step. They would not have objected to Prussia's requiring some concessions in Southern Germany as a reward for connivance in the East; nor would they have prevented France from likewise seeking some small indemnification or other on that much-disputed soil. Yet, while dividing thus impartially their favours between the two, they wish to keep up a more intimate connection with the one nearer to them, locally and politically. Uncertain how far France is prepared to go with them, or even how long her present Government will exist, they do not like giving up their friendly relations to the old-established and solid firm at Berlin, to throw themselves into the arms of the enterprising, but rather speculative, concern at Paris.

MR. DISRAELI'S COMPACT WITH THE TORIES.

The following paragraph, alleged to be an extract from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, has appeared in several daily papers:—

"It was not until the great schism had taken place in the Tory party on the repeal of the corn laws, that Mr. Disraeli can be said to have influenced a party in the House of Commons. A distinguished observer of the events of that time has recorded an anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print, but which throws a singular light on the origin of Mr. Disraeli's relations with his future adherents. It was early in the session of 1846, when a knot of ardent Protectionists, boiling over with a rancour and resentment they had not words to express, addressed themselves to Mr. Disraeli. They proposed to him that he should undertake to direct systematically and at short intervals the whole battery of his vituperative powers against Sir Robert Peel. On their part they engaged to be present *en masse* on these occasions, and to support their mouthpiece by vociferous cheering. The interview was a curious one. We have seen an account of it by one who knew all that passed on the occasion. Mr. Disraeli requested to have twenty minutes to consider the proposal. At the end of that time he accepted it. The bargain was kept by both parties. Mr. Disraeli spoke; the Tories cheered. They considered him their servant; but in such service there was the voice of a master. It had probably occurred to Mr. Disraeli in those twenty minutes, or before, that the man who spoke for them, who thought for them, who was ready to act for them, and who condescended to be the instrument of their prejudices and their passions, would be cheered so lustily by these blind bawlers that they would at last discover that they had bawled him into absolute power over their party and themselves."

THE WIGAN WORKHOUSE.

PAUPERS are often reproached for their obstinate and stupid reluctance to accept in-door relief; and many a coroner's inquest records death from want, in cases where life might clearly have been saved had the poor mother been willing to allow her children to enter the workhouse. Yet a correspondence which has just taken place between the Wigan guardians and the Poor Law Board seems to justify the common feeling that the tender mercies of Bumbledom towards little children are sadly cruel. It will be recollect that a short time since an infant was deliberately placed in boiling water and scalded to death by an idiot nurse in the nursery of the Wigan workhouse. At the inquest which followed it came out that all the nurses in the nursery of that union were either mad, idiotic, or incapable from age and debility. The Poor Law Board, in consequence, addressed a letter to the guardians, pointing out that mad women, idiots, cripples, and persons habitually careless and uncleanly in their habits, ought not to be entrusted with the care and nursing of children. The guardians have replied that the fitness or unfitness of paupers to be employed as nurses in the nursery of their workhouse are matters of detail which they think are best left to the discretion of the matron and assistant matron, who can, if they please, be assisted by the advice of the medical officer of the union, and there the matter rests. We trust that when Parliament meets some humane member of the House of Commons will move for the production of the correspondence which has taken place between the Poor Law Board and the Wigan guardians on the subject of boiled pauper babies and idiot nurses, and that Sir Michael Hicks Beach will be requested to impart to Parliament the precautions—if any—which Mr. Fleming has thought it necessary to take for the protection of the children of the poor against the brutal indifference of those whose duty it is to protect them.

BRITISH HONDURAS.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman of great experience, who has lately arrived in the colony of British Honduras. Reliance may be placed on the accuracy of the statements therein contained, and also on the judgment of the writer:—"I have made an extensive exploration of this colony, and find about one-half of the lands of most excellent quality, equal to a mixture of the best Mississippi bottom lands, with the finest prairie lands of Noxubbo, county Mississippi, or the rich canebrake lands of Alabama, the subsoil being lime or marl, covered with a rich vegetable mould, wonderfully fertile, and when the lime or marl does not come too near the surface inexhaustible. For the production of sugar cane I do not think it surpassed, if equalled, by any land in the world, and all tropical products grow luxuriantly. The other half of the land is about equally divided between mangrove swamps, pine barrens, and mountains. The mangrove swamps and pine barrens are worthless, but the sides of the mountains are very fertile, and admirably adapted for the cultivation of coffee and cocoa, as the products of these plants grown on high and broken ground are much superior in quality to those from the rich bottoms and plains. The pine barrens are precisely such as are found in the southern part of Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, the only growth being a low, stunted pine, unfit for lumber, and a poor wire-grass, containing little or no nutriment, covered with water in the wet season, and destitute of it, even for drinking purposes in the dry. The good lands, however, are well watered, and, fortunately, the pine barrens, or savannahs, are nowhere of large extent, none of them being more than three to four miles wide, so that cattle are not likely to suffer from the want of water, as they frequently do in the tropics, and on the prairies of the Orinoco and La Plata. The climate is also healthy. I made one trip of five weeks, partly in canoes (here called pit-pans or dories), partly on



THE RAILWAY HOTEL, WITHERNSEA.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE beginning of a campaign by women for woman suffrage, under the leadership of Mr. T. B. Potter, has been seen at Manchester. Female speakers have come forward with withering denunciations of those who think they are not quite ready for the exercise of political power, and if they can only arrange a procession or two it is possible the Government will yield all they ask. Mr. Potter, after telling us all that a wide extension of the suffrage among "males" was all that was needed to give us a good government, now informs us that unless women are allowed to vote the men will certainly go all astray. Women would judge of men from their hearts, he thought, and they would be right. The applause with which Mr. Potter was greeted by the fair audience probably originated, as it certainly justified, this supposition. One of the lady speakers seems to have in her mind's eye a process more formidable than is comprised in a merely political innovation. She spoke with some bitterness of being "heavily weighted by nature." What does this mean? How far do Mr. Potter's plans really extend? The lady in question alluded to herself as one of the "spiritual Godivas of this later age," and declared that she wanted to see the "chaining up of physical force," a result which she already saw with eyes purified with "spiritual euphrasy and rue." It is to be hoped that when we have to deal with women as members of Parliament the utterances of the Pythia will be less indistinct. We cannot congratulate the advocates of woman suffrage at Manchester upon their tact or success. Mr. Jacob Bright says that the injustice with which women are treated in this country only found a parallel in the Southern States of America before the negroes were set free. When a cause is bolstered up with such statements as this it needs no euphrasy or ruse to enable us to perceive that its supporters are reduced to desperate straits. We are afraid the spiritual Godivas will not be invited to ride in state to the polling booths at the next election.

LET not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

THE RAILWAY HOTEL, WITHERNSEA.

SINCE the formation of the railway from Hull to Withernsea, a distance of about eighteen miles, the little hamlet on the eastern coast has gradually attained to some little eminence as a watering place. The site of the old church of Withernsea is about three-quarters of a mile out at sea. The place was at one time of tolerable note, but it has been swallowed up by the encroaching waters. The chief object of our illustration is the magnificent hotel, built by the Railway Company from designs by Mr. Broderick, of Hull, the architect of the Leeds Town Hall. Adjoining the hotel, but detached, there is a large garden containing an out-door orchestra, a large dancing saloon, maze, bowling-greens, &c. On the left of the hotel is the ruins of the old church of Withernsea, the foundation of which was laid in 1444.

LORD ELCHO.

THE Right Hon. Francis Wemyss Charteris, Lord Elcho, is the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, and was born in 1818. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1841. In the same year he was elected M.P. for the eastern division of Gloucestershire, which he represented until 1846, when he resigned his seat, having become a convert to the Free-trade measures of Sir R. Peel. In 1847 he was returned as a Liberal Conservative for Haddingtonshire, which he has since continued to represent. He was a Lord of the Treasury under the Aberdeen Ministry. Latterly his name has been continually before the public as one of the principal supporters of the Volunteer movement. His reception at Portsmouth on Easter Monday was most enthusiastic.

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

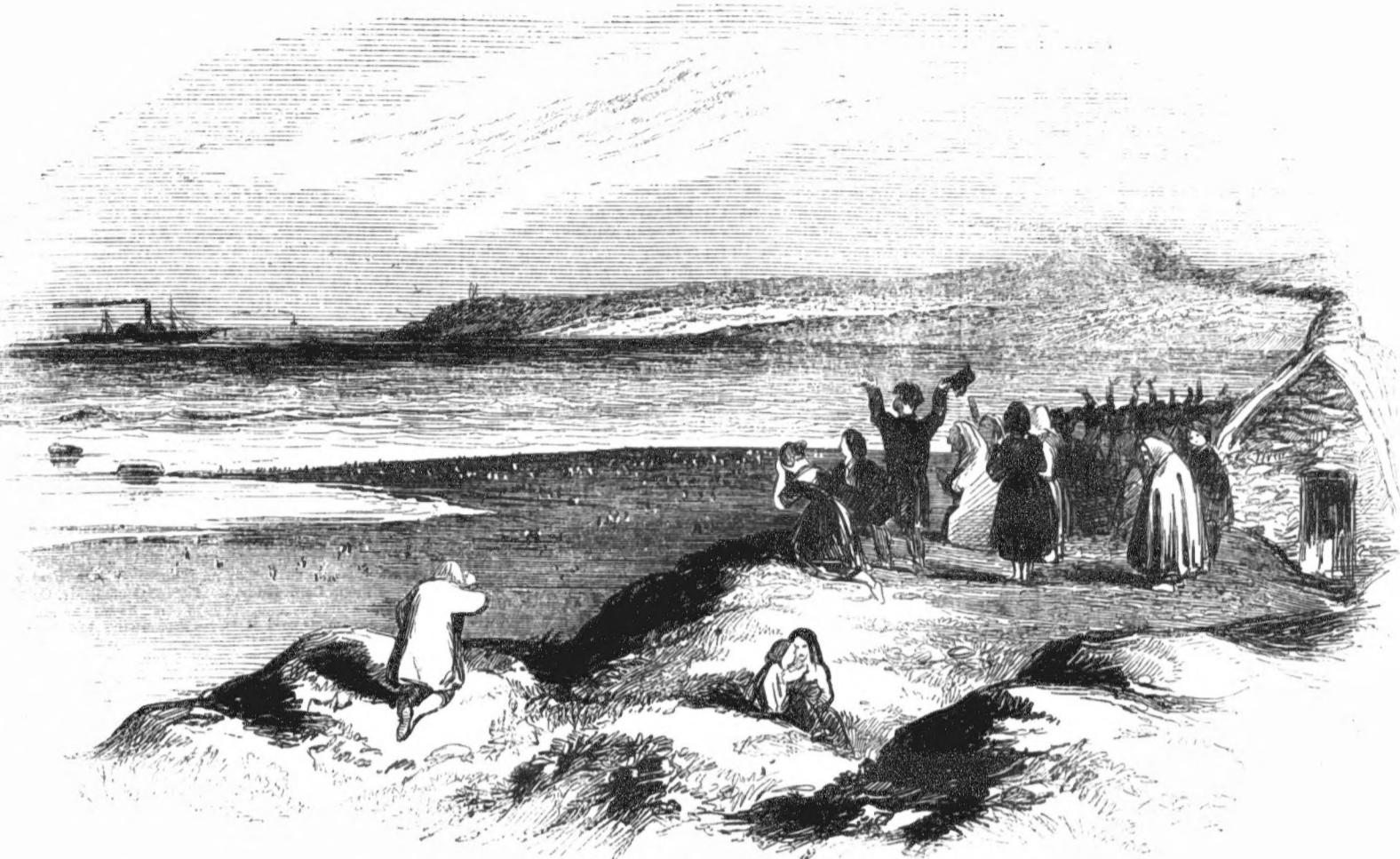
THE HAIR.—All its beauty may be retained, and although grey it may be restored by using Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Price Six shillings. Her Zylbalsamum at Three shillings will beautify the hair of the young.—European Depot, 266, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

horseback. My feet were wet almost all the day, and at night I slept in the roughest huts, with dirt floors and thatched roofs, or in the open air, and once or twice in drenching rains, with no covering except my saddle-blanket, and never enjoyed better health. The best lands for sugar are situated on navigable rivers or beautiful lakes, and the sugar-houses or mills might be so located that the sugar-hogsheads could be rolled directly from the mills to the boats. These, with the English language and laws, and proximity to the United States, are the advantages of this colony."

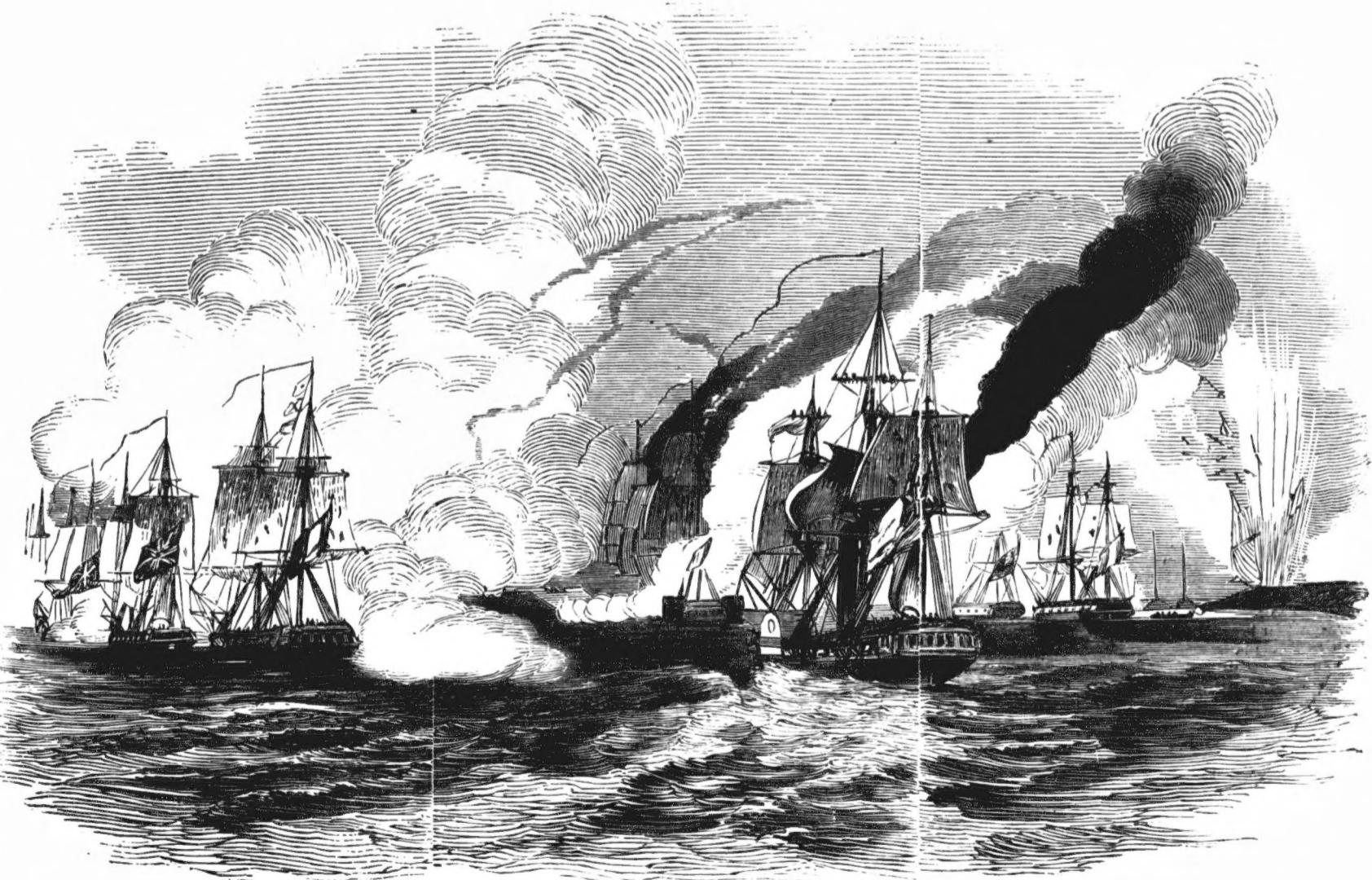
ANOTHER VICTIM TO CONSPIRACY.—Mr. D'Arcy M'Gee has, it is supposed, been shot by a Fenian. Although an Irishman of whom Irishmen generally were proud, he had constantly warned his countrymen in Canada against being betrayed into the folly of joining a mad and desperate organisation. When the "invasions" of Canada have been talked of he was always the first to go about exhorting Irishmen to remain loyal, and there was no member of the Governor's Council more useful in this way than D'Arcy M'Gee. His failing was one which is not, as a rule, accounted a great offence in the colonies, and it seldom interfered with the performance of his duties. The most brilliant Irishman in Canada—for so he was almost universally called—must be counted, we fear, as another victim to a conspiracy which has already scattered misery far and wide.

SALE OF OLD SHIPS.—The *United Service Gazette* says it difficult to understand how it is possible to justify the sale of our old ships by private contract instead of by public tender or auction. According to the return concerning the late sales, it is the practice of the controller to make the offer of the ships to two firms, and leave all others who might be inclined to compete to get information of the sale by chance. The best tenders were £34,773, what the Dockyard officers declared to be worth £74,915, £30,010 for £32,980, and £20,770 for £36,389.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.



FIRST VIEW OF THE ROYAL VISITORS TO IRELAND.



THE NAVAL ATTACK AT THE PORTSMOUTH REVIEW.

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
HAYMARKET.—A Co-Operative Movement—A Hero of Romance—Intrigue. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Poor Pillcoddie—Jeanie Deans—Number One Round the Corner. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—The Woman of the World—Hit or Miss. Seven.
LYCEUM.—The Japanese. Eight.
ADELPHI.—Go to Putney—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—Play—A Silent Protector. Eight.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Mary Jones—Oliver Twist—La Vivandiere. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray—The Merry Zingara—Quite at Home. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Post-Boy—The White Fawn—Special Performances.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena—The Wonderful Spanish Troupe. Eight.
SURREY.—Poor Humanity—The Trapper Trapped. Seven.
STANDARD.—The Duchess of Malfi—The Royal Marriage. Seven.
BRITANNIA.—The Wolf of the Pyrenees. Wait Till I'm a Man. Quarter before Seven.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S. Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—**FREE.**
 British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum; Fine House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—**BY INTRODUCTION.**

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Arnoulers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

THE WAR ON LA PLATA.

THE mail from the Brazils and La Plata has brought no tidings favourable to prospects of peace, nor the return of prosperity in those fine regions. The chief intelligence brought by the previous mail has not been confirmed, and so far as anything additional seems favourable to the allies it cannot be relied upon; the false news sent by the Brazilians from the seat of war so often deprives the British public of all confidence. It was reported by the previous mail that the Brazilian fleet had passed the batteries of Humaita with impunity, had ascended the Parana and Paraguay, and captured the capital of the Republic; now the Brazilians admit that three iron-clads and three monitors when the river rose to a great height on a very dark night, without firing a shot, rode safely above the torpedos and by the batteries; it was an exploitless success. So far, however, from the capital having been evacuated, the Brazilian squadron have not dared to approach it, but have again descended the rivers, according to the news, to their old position; but there can be no doubt that they are separated from the rest of the fleet, and have literally gained a dissenter by the success of their stratagem in passing up beyond the fortifications of Humaita. Meanwhile, disease ravages the fleets, armies, and territories of the allies, and commerce is paralysed. At Rio, gold had risen ten per cent. within a short time previous to the departure of the mail; the exchange had during the same interval fallen to an equal extent. The over issue of paper money had destroyed public confidence. The discontent of the Brazilian people was extensive, and the demand was made in angry terms that the Government should adopt means to bring the war to a speedy issue either by victory or peace. The Ministry still persists in hostilities, which have gone far to ruin the country, and hopes by another loan in England to be able to raise troops, equip them, and supply munitions of war. The negroes and half-castes have been armed, and many battalions of them have been sent to the front, and it is expected that by encouraging an emigration of Portuguese, of Irish, and Germans from the United States, and of Irish from Liverpool, that these emigrants may by bounty or compulsion replenish the devastated ranks of the army. The Empire has already spent nearly forty millions sterling on this war without gaining a single advantage, and, at the same time, losing as many thousand men by cholera, fever, dysentery, and battle. The finest ships in the navy have been shattered or sunk by an enemy inferior in number and resources, but superior in courage,

intelligence, and patriotism. The state of Buenos Ayres is still worse than that of the neighbouring Empire. The cholera raged especially by the river; some of the provincial towns were almost depopulated by the death or flight of the people. The revolution still spread, the inhabitants of several of the States of the Confederation being determined to support the policy of Urquiza against that of Mitre, who seems resolved to maintain the alliance with Brazil in the war with Paraguay. So serious was the state of things even at Buenos Ayres that Mitre had returned, abandoning the command of the army in Paraguay. It was apprehended that an armed demonstration would be made against him by the citizens, and consequently the Government bought up all the arms which were for sale, and to some extent from private persons, at an extravagant price. The military authorities are afraid to send arms and ammunition to the troops in the provinces, and the powder sent to Rosario has been re-shipped for Buenos Ayres. The more wealthy and powerful portion of the city, the whole shipping interest, and the officials are still for the war. Senor Amaral, the new Brazilian Minister, has been received by those classes heartily, as he is known to be one of the bitterest enemies of Paraguay in Brazil. Indeed, the Senor's policy is for the Empire to engage all the old Spanish Republics in detail until Republicanism is rooted out of South America, even although the Imperial regime of Rio should not be substituted. The state of trade is hopelessly bad. National Bonds are quoted at ninety-two and a quarter. Gold is at a higher premium than ever was before known. English sovereigns bring fabulous prices, as much as two dollars premium being offered for one of that coin. Government is obliged to borrow at twenty-four per cent., and shortly the public credit must fail if the war goes on. Uruguay is not so sorely afflicted as the other allies. The people of the Banda Oriental are favourable to Paraguay, and the enemies of Brazil. The tyrant Flores, placed by that power in supreme authority at Monte Video, was alone friendly to the war, but he cannot any longer promote its cause. The people and troops of the Argentine Confederation have risen against him, assassinated himself, and banished his sons. They are waiting in Corrientes and other Argentine provinces for an opportunity to march upon the capital. The struggle rests upon Brazil alone, and it is crushing her. The Paraguayans hold their enemies at bay, in spite of the passage of Humaita by the iron-clads. They have contracted no debt, are armed *en masse*, and are led by one of the bravest, most intellectual, and skilful commanders on the America continent. The despatches by the mail represent the Marquis di Caxias, now in command of the allied forces, as energetic and successful, and the old stories of what they are about to accomplish are resorted to for stock-jobbing purposes. They were lately represented as about to pass through the Chaco upon the heart of Paraguay, which proves to be a mere *canard*—a feat as difficult to perform as it was unlikely to be attempted. It would be impossible to procure necessary supplies, or overcome the natural and artificial difficulties which would impede their course. Moreover, Lopez made a flank movement, passing by the right bank of the Paraguay river, which is in the Chaco. He has got between the Brazilian army and fleet; and the perils which consequently menaced the Imperialists were, the surrender of the fleet or the raising of the siege of Humaita. Even now their situation is little if at all improved by the recent *quasi* successes. It is time the French and British Governments used their influence with the Government of Rio in the interests of peace, as the arbitration of the United States has been refused, so that the fine countries of South America washed by the Atlantic, the Plata, and the Amazon, may be again engaged in the expansive commerce which their splendid resources can sustain.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

Mr. Disraeli knows the House of Commons wonderfully well, but he knows astonishingly little of the country; but no one could have expected that he would give so signal a proof of his ignorance as his "No Popery" cry. Mr. Disraeli seems entirely unable to comprehend that what the nation has set its heart on is doing justice. The country is determined that the Irish Church shall not continue on its present footing, because it is not just that it should so continue, and it is not to be deterred by the thought that Ultramontanes will profit by the course it is pursuing. But it is far from the truth that Ultramontanes will really profit by it. The disestablishment of the Irish Church is a tribute to those very principles which cut at the very root of Ultramontanism. It is conceived in that spirit of justice, of secular wisdom, and of obedience to the dictates of modern thought which Ultramontanism abhors. To look to justice, to the happiness of nations, to the reign of equal human laws, is the basis of modern civilisation; to look to spiritual edification is the basis of Ultramontanism. The English nation, by acting on its own principles, will only be confirmed in them, and the mental and moral gain thus derived is not at all counterbalanced by such evils as may flow from greater activity being allowed to those whose springs of conduct are of an alien kind.—*Saturday Review*.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The career of the Princess Alexandra since her arrival and naturalisation in England, although unhappily interrupted by a protracted and painful illness, has been one characterised by unvaried beneficence. She has given a domestic completeness to the happy circle which surrounds the English throne; she has carried a perfect grace into the London season and the hospitalities of country seats. She has been charitable to the poor, gracious to art and literature, mindful of every social courtesy, and ready to weary herself whenever her presence promised good. This is a truth of no mean importance. It was a question of the utmost anxiety to the people of this realm that they should be enabled to extend to the sons and daughters of the Queen the esteem and reverence which they universally feel for her. As the political authority of the Crown has gradually waned, so its social authority has proportionately increased. Immeasurably gratifying must it be, therefore, to see the new traditions confirmed, and the Royal Family prolonging itself in a line which gives so great an assurance of confidence in the popularity of our Sovereign House.—*Herald*.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE PURCHASE OF THE TELEGRAPHS.

With regard to Mr. Scudamore's calculations as to the purchase of the telegraphs by the Post Office, the companies will, of course, make a desperate effort to get more money out of Government, and the business, may be less, and the working expenses more, than the estimate. But the plan is at least ingenious, has evidently been framed with great care, and looks to be near the mark; while the public would willingly bear some loss for the sake of the gain, just as the first loss to the revenue through the introduction of the penny post was cheerfully borne. We may consider ourselves very fortunate if the business is profitable from the beginning. Mr. Scudamore's reports must go far to secure the passage of the bill. It will be very difficult now to resist the case made out; whatever amendments to the system may be proposed no one can gainsay the desirability of the objects, or the knowledge and ability of the administrators who propose to secure them for us.—*Economist*.

THE MEETINGS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

On two successive nights St. James's Hall has been devoted to meetings on the subject of the Irish Church, the promoters of its disestablishment and disendowment assembling in it on Thursday, and the defenders of the Irish garrison marshalling their forces on Friday evening. No accident could be more happy than this juxtaposition. The management of both was artless to the last degree. The promoters of Lord Russell's "small and early" party seemed to have relied upon his name alone. The hall was crowded, and the audience were as one man. But the company on the platform was not remarkable for eloquence or experience, or any other element of distinction; and it would have been wise in the advocates of the opposite cause had they been content to comment on the absence of these characteristics. There are, however, some Dogberries who are bent, above all things, upon writing themselves down by their proper names, and one of the Protestant associations was determined to show how easily they could fall below the level of Thursday's gathering. Instead of a crowded hall, not more than three-fourths of it were full, and the unanimity of the previous evening had also disappeared; but the comparison between the two meetings was most striking on the platform. It was Lord Russell and nobody on Thursday. On Friday it was nobody without Lord Russell. The chairman, Mr. Colquhoun, referred more than once to the days when he was a member of the House of Commons, and it is perhaps owing to his withdrawal from that assembly that it has been betrayed into the vicious courses he deplored. Some excellent but unknown persons supported this chairman, and one of them provoked some feeling of curiosity; but the general conclusion was nothing but astonishment that no one of any eminence had been betrayed by a sentiment of antagonism to Popery, by early associations, by political ties, or any other of the numerous predisposing causes to error, into joining the opposition to Mr. Gladstone's proposals.—*Times*.

THE PATENT LAWS.

There is a necessity for a reform in the patent laws. The abuses of the system, which have often been confounded with the system itself, multiply and grow stronger every year. In the courts of law there has been a continuance of a kind of litigation which is simply scandalous. Rogues have enjoyed improper facilities for harassing and impoverishing honest men. Patents are still granted for inventions which are the literal reproductions of prior schemes that have repeatedly been protected by letters patent. Sometimes the law officers of the Crown, in the exercise, if not the usurpation, of an arbitrary discretion, refuse to sanction the issue of letters patent; but their custom is to pass everything. At the end of the year they have a tangible token of duty rewarded in the shape of nearly five thousand pounds each, while their clerks get as many hundreds as their share in the fees which are paid for work of a very easy kind. The Commissioners of Patents, on whom devolve the duties and responsibilities of management, issue yearly reports which are little better than catalogues of just grievances. The bright spot in the dark picture is the annual surplus. Were it not that the Patent Office yields a much larger return than was ever anticipated on its re-constitution in 1852, Parliament would long ere this have been compelled to legislate in order to stide complaints by removing admitted defects. It is impossible that the existing state of things can last. Now that the attention of working men has been called to the subject, we may look for the initiation of a vigorous movement for reform. It is unfortunate that the law officers who should take the first step, in the matter are interested in maintaining present arrangements. Still, vested interests must be compelled to succumb, if those concerned will not gracefully surrender when summoned in the name of public advantage.—*Daily News*.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

There is no secret requiring to be discovered for the successful management of railway property. The first necessity is the appointment of trustworthy persons to the position of directors, men competent, not only from knowledge and training, but also with the requisite time to attend to affairs which they have hitherto pretended only to overlook. The management of railways must become a profession, and no longer receive the mere remnants of time of merchants, M.P.'s, and Lords. The other requisites will then be clearly discerned, the original line will alone receive attention, capital accounts will be closed, and competing schemes will be left to themselves, neither fought with at a ruinous cost nor bought up to the still further depreciation of the property of existing companies. Parliament, in fact, can do but little. The help, as in almost every other condition of life, must come from shareholders themselves. It, in fact, resolves itself into the old familiar adage, *aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera*.—*Examiner*.

A CASE OF HERESY IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

With regard to the application made in the Court of Queen's Bench with reference to the Rev. W. E. Bennett's alleged heresy, we think that the Queen's Bench may not be the fittest court to consider the details of a theological indictment, but it is a very fit court to require that such an indictment should be heard—in other words, to insist on the law being put in execution by the competent authorities. The prosecution must, of course, be instituted in the diocese in which the offence was committed, and consequently the Bishop of London becomes the legal authority for taking cognisance of Mr. Bennett's alleged offence. But Froude is in the diocese of Bath and Wells, and the Bishop of London may feel a natural reluctance to seem to interfere with the office of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. In this instance, too, there is a more important consideration which may well render the Bishop of London averse from accepting the duty sought to be imposed on him. If he is concerned with Mr. Bennett he is similarly concerned with every other clergyman who may publish books within the diocese of London—in other words, with every clergyman in England of literary tastes. Consequently, if the Bishop be really bound to take cognisance of this case, he becomes practically the literary censor of all the clergy of the Church of England. Considering the annoyances and the expense which a prosecution entails on a bishop, the Bishop may well shrink from such an office. As to the substantial question involved, it is of the highest importance, and in some way or other it is most desirable that it should be legally considered. The questions relating to vestments and ornaments are perfectly insignificant in comparison. The Ritualists constantly profess that their characteristic ceremonial are only important as symbolising doctrine. So long, therefore, as the doctrine is left untouched, very little is gained by repressing vestments and incense; while, on the other hand, if the doctrine be pronounced illegal, there will be no place or occasion for the symbolic practices.—*Times*.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

THE MANSION HOUSE BALL.

The chief magistrate of Dublin, at the ball which he gave on Friday night, fully sustained the credit of that city for civic hospitality. When the Prince of Wales was last at Dublin he honoured the then Lord Mayor with his presence at a ball, but the recollections of his Royal Highness of that event could never have been very pleasing. Twice as many persons were invited as the King's Room could hold; there was much crushing and discomfort in consequence inside the ball-room, and outside the Mansion House some hundred sat for hours in their carriages, hoping against hope for admittance, and obliged ultimately to return home jaded and disappointed. No such error was made by the present occupant of the civic chair. He limited the number of his guests by the amount of accommodation at his command, and the result was that the ball was in every respect a most successful fest. But it was not in the manner mentioned that the Lord Mayor alone displayed his anxiety to entertain his Royal guests in a style befitting the occasion. He showed considerable taste in the preparations which he made for the reception of their Royal Highnesses. Dublin cannot boast a Mansion House of any architectural or other pretensions. The King's Room, in which the banquets and balls are given, is only a large circular apartment, until very lately decorated with extremely little taste, the roof and walls being coloured in much the same style as those of a theatre. On Friday night, however, it appeared to have been transformed by an enchanter's wand. A large "sunlight" in the centre of the ceiling threw a brilliant light upon the company. It was composed of four hundred burners in the form of a star, and has superseded entirely the old means of illumination, which were lines of common gas burners along the cornices. The distemper coloured walls were hidden by crimson cloth, covered with white lace, having worked on it the Prince of Wales plume, and wreaths of shamrock, thistles, and roses, encircled with the words, "Cead Mile Failthe." The rails on the gallery were wreathed with flowers, and over the dais extended a canopy of crimson velvet, surmounted with the Royal arms and the Prince of Wales plume. The furniture on the dais was richly carved, and a very large mirror at the back of it reflected the stirring scene in front. The supper-room was also beautifully decorated. There were several princes, three dukes, and nearly 60 of the nobility present. The ball was opened by a quadrille, in which his Royal Highness danced with the Lady Mayors, and the Lord Mayor and the Princess were *pas-a-vis*. The Lord Lieutenant had for his partner the Marchioness of Carmarthen, and Prince Teck danced with the Marchioness of Abercorn. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of pink satin, with bouillons of tulle and a flounce of rich Irish lace, presented to her Royal Highness by the ladies of Ireland, the skirt being festooned with pink flowers. Her Royal Highness's head-dress was a tiara of diamonds, ornaments, sapphires, and diamonds. The orders which the Princess wore were the Victoria and Albert and the order of Catherine of Russia. It was eleven o'clock when the Prince and Princess entered the ball-room.

PUNCHESTOWN RACES.

The Prince of Wales was accompanied to Punchestown races by the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Lieutenant, and Prince Teck. A good many persons were at the races, though not so many as on Thursday. The running for the Conyngham Cup was very fine. Thirteen horses ran, and the winner was Olympia, Polescat being a close second, and Cheerful Boy third. The Royal party honoured the officers of the 10th Hussars by taking luncheon with them. At four o'clock the Princess, who had not before left the Castle, drove down Dame-street in an open carriage, with Royal attendants, and passed through College-green, Nassau-street, and Stephen's-green, to Earlsfort-terrace, opposite the Exhibition building, to visit the Alexandra College, lately established in Dublin, under the patronage of the Princess herself, to supply a superior education for ladies. Here an address was presented to her Royal Highness by the Archbishop of Dublin, who is Visitor of the college. In the carriage with the Princess were the Marchioness of Abercorn, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Andrew Cockerell, of the Lord Lieutenant's household. There was very little drunkenness at Punchestown on Thursday. The crowds were well conducted, and the stranger saw no evidence of poverty among the country people. They had come from fully five counties to the centre point of attraction, and evidenced the greatest eagerness to see the Princess. The camp-followers of the race-courses were fewer in number, and there was less variety in their antics and devices than on former Punchestown days. A great many of this class walked to the course from Dublin on Wednesday night, and sought a bed under the hedges on the night following.

The Royal visitors at Dublin had a quiet day on Sunday. The Prince and Princess attended divine service at Christ Church Cathedral, where the sermon was preached by Archbishop Trench, who, with great good taste, made no allusion, whatever to the festive events of the week.

At half-past twelve o'clock on Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and Viceregal party, started, in open carriages, for the Phoenix Park, to be present at the grand review. His Royal Highness wore his uniform as colonel of Hussars. It rained heavily in the morning, but subsequently cleared up. About 6,000 troops took part in the review, including five infantry and two cavalry regiments and two batteries of artillery. There were about 200,000 spectators, and the enthusiasm was far greater than on any previous day. Both going and returning the vast crowds cheered the Royal visitors enthusiastically. The review was a great success. A great ball was given at the Castle in St. Patrick's Hall. There was a large attendance of the nobility. Dancing commenced at eleven o'clock. The Prince of Wales danced with the Marchioness of Abercorn, and the Princess with the Lord Lieutenant.

The review on "The Fifteen Acres" appears to have been raised by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their party to the rank of a grand spectacle, although the military portion of it was no more than may be seen any fortnight. The crowds which thronged every available space were immense, the expressions of their loyalty most exuberant. On Tuesday, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge received from Trinity College the degree of Doctor of Laws; and the Prince unveiled the statue of Edmund Burke on the College-green front of Trinity, a fervid and eloquent address being delivered on the occasion by Lord Chief Justice Whiteside. The Prince and Princess then paid a visit to the Dublin Cattle Show, and attended a learned conversation in the evening. On Wednesday the Royal visitors lunched with the Earl of Powerscourt, and viewed the charming scenery of the county of Wicklow. The Prince and Princess left Dublin on Friday, and arrived at Carnarvon to-day.

SINGULAR CUSTOM IN BURMAH.—A correspondent, writing from Mandalay, describes the ceremony of "boring the ears" of the daughters of the King of Burmah, which took place there lately. The whole of the Royal party were bedecked with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls. His Majesty and two of the principal Queens were scarcely able to walk from the weight of the ornaments on their robes. The King and the Queens were supported on either side by maids of honour of rare Burmese beauty. The orchestra was filled by some of the dancing girls, who performed on sackbuts, drums, harps, &c. It is estimated that the whole affair will cost upwards of ten lacs of rupees. The gates of the palace were thrown open to all—men, women, and children—and theatrical performances went on day and night.—*Morning Post*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—If Mademoiselle Clara Kellogg personated the part of Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto" for the first time on Saturday evening—as had been announced—all we can say is, that it was one of the most remarkable first performances ever witnessed. Either there must have been something in the part, both as to the singing and acting, wonderfully congenial to the powers and instincts of the fair artiste, or she must have bestowed an amount of care and pains upon its study that brought her to a perfect knowledge of its every phase and requirement. Had Mademoiselle Kellogg played Gilda one hundred nights in succession she could not have trod the boards with greater freedom or with a more thorough reliance on her own resources. Not a note was slurred, not a point was missed; whatever was attempted was achieved in the most artistic manner. Mademoiselle Kellogg was not only perfect herself, but was the cause of perfection in others. Whenever she was on the stage the performance went like clockwork. The intensity and passionate abandonment of the love scenes with the simulated student; the terror and despair of the scene with the father in the second act, in which the very sublime of agony is reached, when poor, betrayed Gilda cries aloud:—

"O mio padre, qual gioja feroce
Balnarvi negli occhi veggi' io!
Perdonate a noi pura una voce
Di perdon dal cielo verrà."

And then prays aside for her betrayer:—

"(Mi tradiva, pur l'ano, gran Dia,
Per l'ingrato ti chiedo pietà!)";

and the deep devotion, extending beyond life itself, manifested in the last scene, were examples of the highest art, superinduced on the profoundest sensibility. The singing was on a par. Mademoiselle Kellogg's beautiful and sympathetic voice was never heard to greater advantage than in the music entrusted to Gilda; and every scene in which the fair American prima donna took part had its enthusiastic admirers. The band and chorus, under the ever zealous direction of Signor Arditi, was magnificent; and indeed, we never remember Verdi's fine opera to have gone off with more brilliant eclat. The house was crowded in every part.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The popular "Faust e Margherita," given on Saturday night for the first time this season, may be said to have introduced to the audience of the Royal Italian Opera the new prima donna, Mademoiselle Vanzini, in the part of Margherita, though she had already appeared as Oscar in the "Ballo in Maschera." As a matter of course, the chief interest of the performance attached to the new Margherita, who had made a highly favourable impression in the small part of the Page in the "Ballo in Maschera," which led many to believe that in a better part she would prove herself an artist of no ordinary stamp. Nor where those who put such strong faith in the young lady disappointed. Her success in Margherita was unequivocal, and she herself could hardly have wished for a more enthusiastic reception, nor a larger share of applause. That Mademoiselle Vanzini might have selected a part better suited to her talents than M. Gounod's Margherita we are inclined to think, as her style and method apparently belong to the true Italian school, and her voice lacks the force and energy so imperatively demanded to give effect to the boldest music in the last two acts of "Faust." But in all the pure vocal parts of M. Gounod's score—and these are not invariable—Mademoiselle Vanzini displayed artistic powers of a high order, and a feeling for expression—less demonstrative, indeed, than we have noticed in other singers—that could not possibly be mistaken. Moreover, Mademoiselle Vanzini's voice is clear, resonant, and extremely agreeable—a light soprano, well in tune, and perfectly under the singer's control. With such qualifications there can be no doubt that the new singer will become a special favourite, more particularly as youth, natural grace, and a prepossessing appearance are among her recommendations. Mademoiselle Vanzini was extremely successful in the "jewel song." In this remarkable vocal composition she may be said indeed to have taken her hearers captive. The applause which followed was vociferous and prolonged, but the fair songstress declined to repeat the air, though evidently the audience wanted it a second time. A more brilliant vocal display has seldom been heard.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The sale of vouchers securing tickets for the Great Handel Festival in June next has, during the past few weeks, very considerably exceeded the amount it was anticipated it would have reached thus early. It was feared that from the long-continued depression a considerable falling off would have been apparent in the early progress of the subscription, but it has not been so, and relatively the prospects of the forthcoming Festival are considerably in advance of previous occasions.

"Roses and Daisies." Song composed by Claribel. Boosey and Co., Holles-street.

"Some years ago the roses of my heart were in their pride, There came a frost, a cruel frost, the roses drooped and died; The fairy buds of life were closed. They bloomed but an hour, A chilling breath passed o'er my heart and blighted every flower."

So says the accomplished and popular Claribel. The arrangement is very simple, and rather below the average, but the song will make its way, and is a pretty drawing-room trifle.

"What is Love?" Song by Elizabeth Philp. Boosey and Co. This is a lively, sprightly, witty song, in the style of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and an agreeable change after a too great inundation of sentiment. There is plenty of *verve* in it, and the music illustrates the words, which is more than we can say of many musical efforts. We are not surprised that "What is Love?" has exhausted nine editions already.

FRIGHTFUL AND FATAL MACHINERY ACCIDENT.—A frightful accident, resulting in the loss of two lives, occurred at the dye works of Messrs. Haigh and Heaton, Milnsbridge, near Huddersfield. A hydro-extract is there used to dry the wool, and it goes round at the rate of 900 revolutions in a minute, the water being forced by centrifugal action out of holes in the sides of the machine, a shield preventing it splashing about the room. Some wet wool had been placed in this machine about half past ten o'clock, and it was spinning round as usual when it burst, and pieces of iron flew from it like the explosion of a shell. These pieces struck Joseph Dyson, aged 18, mangling him fearfully, knocking him ten yards away over another man, who escaped without injury, and rendering him insensible. Pieces also struck William Ashton, aged 59, dyer, of Huddersfield, and injured him in a frightful manner. Dyson was taken home to his father's house at Milnsbridge and was attended by Mr. Allatt, surgeon, but died in an hour. Ashton was put into a conveyance and taken to Huddersfield, but died before he reached the infirmary. The pieces of iron that struck the wall of the room knocked great holes in it. The machine had only been repaired about a week ago. This is the third violent death that has taken place in the Ashton family.

A GREAT IRON-CLAD MAN-OF-WAR.—The Thames Iron Shipbuilding Company have launched from their works, for the Prussian Government, the great ironclad man-of-war, "König Wilhelm," the dimensions of which are as follows:—Length between the perpendiculars, 356ft.; length of the keel for tonnage, 320ft.; breadth for tonnage, 60ft.; depth in midships from top of keel, 41ft.; burthen in tons, B.M., 6,127 63-94, and her engines are 1,150 horse-power nominal, by Maudslay, Sons, and Field.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

THE ROYAL SMOKER.—The Prince of Wales is known to be a great smoker. The Queen it is said does not approve of this taste or Her Majesty would have given H.R.H. the magnificent Regalia now kept in a dry place in the tower. Strange that the smokers who show visitors over the Tower are the only people allowed to "puff" the regalia.

FETCH THE ENGINES.—"A heated imagination" may be defined to be—dreaming the house is on fire.

QUESTION FOR DR. MARY WALKER.—Why ought a Medical Quack to be a Woman? Because he's always a *Charlotte Ann*.

A PICTURE.—The well-known caterers for the refreshments of the travelling public will be glad to hear that they have been selected as a subject for a Landscape picture in next year's Academy Exhibition. Churches in the distance, water in the foreground; the title, "Spires and Pond."

THE DONKEY'S DELIGHT.—The field of literature is at present yielding abundant crops of sensation novels. They are a species of food for the mind which you may call thistles.

ERMINE WITHOUT SILK.—A contemporary, in a leader relative to the new judge, Mr. Justice Hannan, observes, "He never took silk." We should think not. There is no occasion for anybody to say, "Set a judge to try shoplifters."

CLUB LAW.—Waiter: "Did you ring, sir?" Member (trying to be calm): "Yes. Will you wake this gentleman, and say I should be obliged if he'd let me have the *Spectator*, if he's not reading it?" Old Wacklethorpe has been asleep, with the paper firmly clutched, for the last two hours.

OH!—Dear Sir.—Here you are at last:—On the the bank of what canal would be the best place for *solo-de-se*? The Suez Canal; because the act would be evidently one of Suez-side. (All well at home, thank you.) Yours, TOMMY.

OVERHEAD.—It was not such a very bad pun of Jocasta's, when, on Bertram showing her a portrait by Say in the National Portrait Exhibition, she remarked that it must be "a speaking likeness."

THE Fortune of War.—Prize Money.

FUN.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—What leggings should be made of.—Alligator's skins.

WAR NEWS.—The war in Japan is over, from which fact it may be concluded that the chiefs are not to be considered never-saying-damios.

RIDDLES MADE IN THE INTERVALS OF BUSINESS.—Why is Herne Bay like a burglar's swag?—Because it isn't his'n. (Don't you see? It's Herne; consequently not His'n.)

A HAPPY PAIR.—There is a rumour afloat—we suppose it must have floated across the Straits of Dover—that Mademoiselle Nilsson is about to marry Gustave Doré. There can be no possible objection to the match on the ground of dissimilarity of tastes and pursuits—they both draw tremendously.

A HIT FOR THE FANCY.—Severe Old Party (to lumpy swell): "Going to a *Bal masque*, eh? Well, chalk your head and go as a billiard cue!"—Irritated Swell: "You might go disguised as a gentleman:—no one would know you!"

LINES ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.
The District Railway, while it action shirks,
Vows it is waiting for the Board of Works;
The Board of Works, progressing in a snail-way,
Vows it is waiting for the District Railway.

JUDY.

TOO SHARP.—Mr. Lewis, the Westminster Abbey tout, who was condemned by a hard-hearted judge to six months' imprisonment, for obtaining a florin from a lady under false pretences of showing her over the Abbey, exclaimed, when he heard his sentence, "For six months, at least, *tout est perdu*."

To Heads of Families.—When, for the future, you hire female servants, do not tell them "No followers," but "No Marquises allowed."

HURRAH! HURRAH!—A correspondent, "Observer," whose letter was published in our last impression, stated that he had seen a "live coal" on his hearth-rug. Since then, however, *Judy* has received information (much more gratifying than this) of the existence of a Livingstone!

UP TO THE KNOCKER.—A postman.

THAT'S TRUE.—The Welsh are decidedly genuine Britons, although, at the same time, they certainly are not unal-Lloyd ones.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A good deal, sometimes; and a man who makes the best husband is always "Teddy."

NAME claimed for an Ostler.—"Will-o'-the Wisp."

WHY WAS THE UNIVERSITY RACE AN UNEQUAL MATCH?—Because it was the Oxford won against the Cambridge eight.

DON'T CALL AT OUR OFFICE FOR A REPLY.—This is addressed to the individual who, a day or two ago, wrote to ask whether the "Master of the Mint" is an "herbalist?"

THE IRISH LANDLORD'S LAMENT.

Emigration is vexation,
Rebellion is as bad;
The absentees doth puzzle me;
But Gladstone drives me mad!

TOMAHAWK.

TO A BONNET.—"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

JACOB'S LADDER.—John Bright (dedicated with all respect to the junior Member for Manchester.)

A MAD WAG'S NIGHT-THOUGHT.—Some admirers of the *Cin-cin* have been heard to declare that the amusement to be obtained, just now, at the Alhambra, is in *Finette*.

IT IS TO BE HOPE THAT WHEN THE GOVERNMENT TAKES THE TELEGRAPHHS UNDER THEIR CHARGE, THEY WILL NOT FAVOUR US WITH PERFORMANCES ON THE SLACK WIRE.

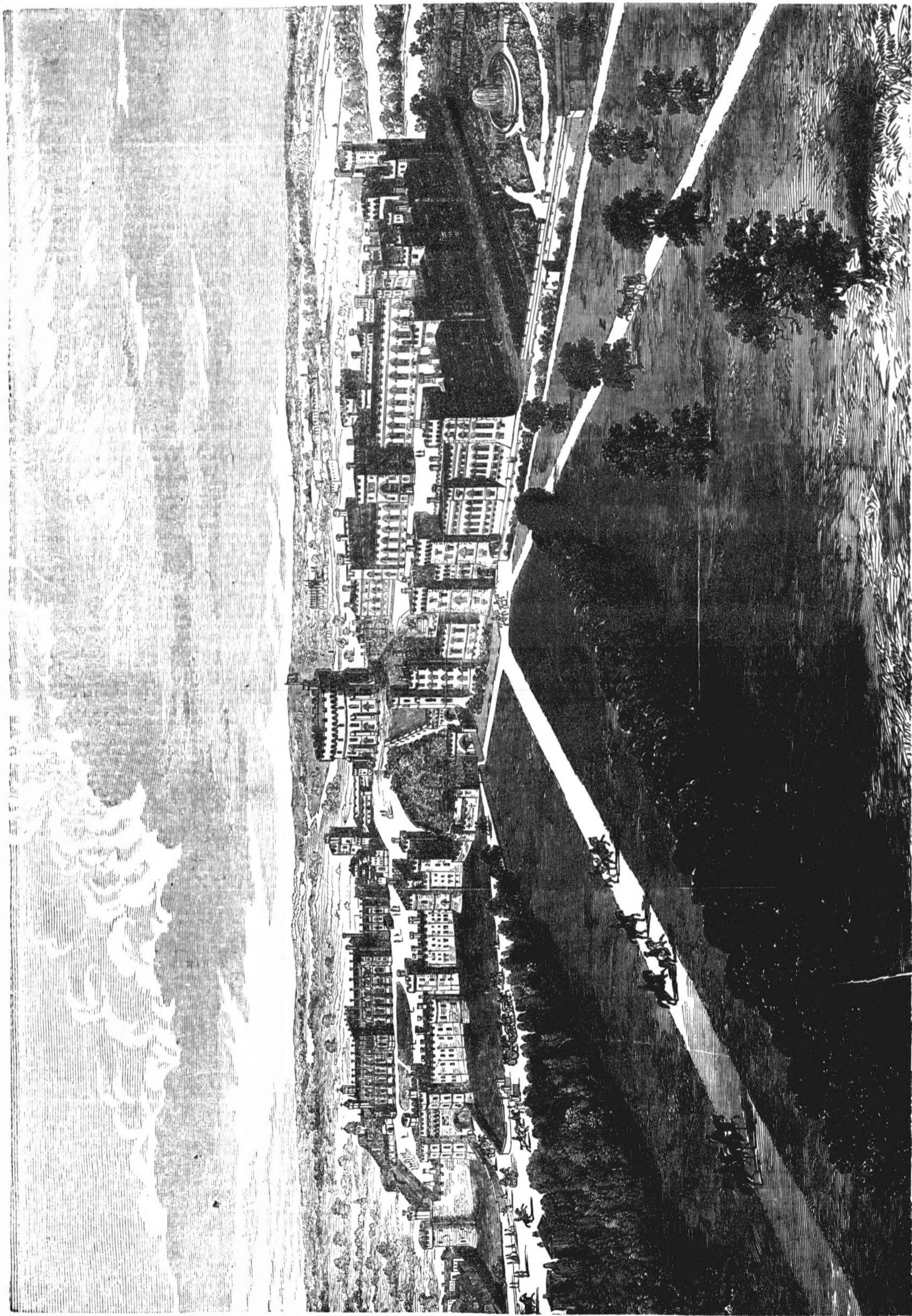
CONSIDERING THE "ATTIC SALT" WITH WHICH THE LATE LORD CRANBORNE SEASONED ALL HIS SPEECHES, WE MAY DESCRIBE HIS ELEVATION TO THE UPPER HOUSE AS A *Salis burial*.

EASTER SEEMS BECOMING A SECOND CHRISTMAS MORE AND MORE EVERY YEAR. THOSE WHO WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO ASSIST AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF ONE OF MR. BURNAND'S BURLESQUES ON EASTER MONDAY MUST HAVE FELT THAT THEY HAD MADE ACQUAINTANCE WITH "THE EASTER WAITS."

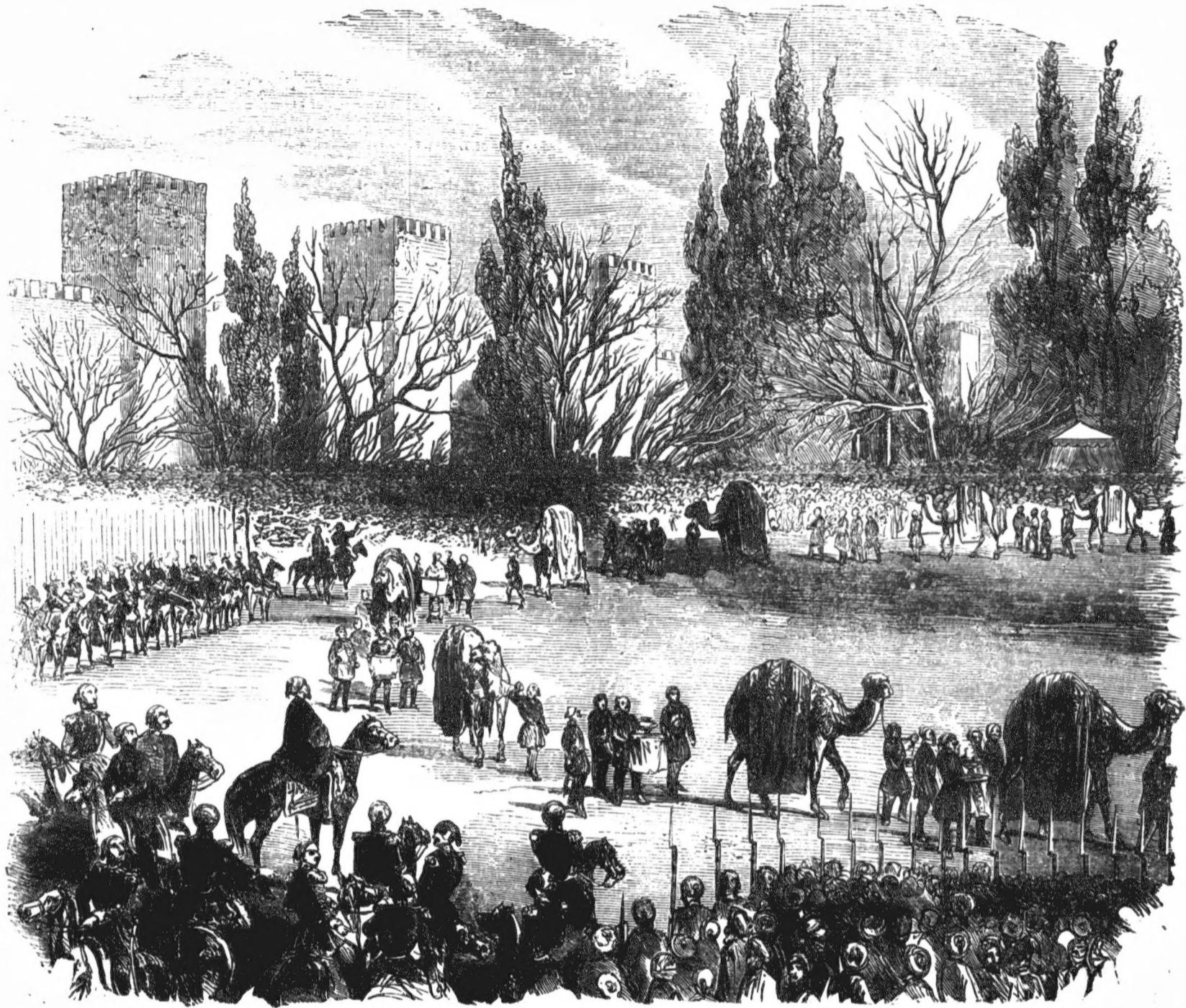
WE ARE INFORMED THAT IT IS INCREDIBLE THE EXERTIONS MR. GUINNESS HAS PUT HIMSELF TO IN THE IRISH CAPITAL TO ENSURE SUCCESS IN ALL QUARTERS. CORRESPONDING RIGHT AND LEFT TO ENFORCE THE PRESENCE OF AS MANY NOTABILITIES AS POSSIBLE, WE UNDERSTAND HE WILL BE GOOD-NATURALLY KNOWN AS DUBLIN'S TOUT.

WE NOTICE IN THE *Court Journal* A DESCRIPTION OF SOME GARRISON THEATRICALS IN IRELAND, AT WHICH CAPTAIN THINGAMY AND MAJOR SO-AND-SO EXECUTED THE MOST PROMINENT PARTS IN A COMEDY AND TWO FARCES. DOES THIS MEAN THAT THEY MURDERED THE CHARACTERS? THAT IS THE ONLY KIND OF EXECUTION WE EVER MET WITH IN PRIVATE PERFORMANCES.

Go, bitter Cranborne, *alluz*, go,
'Midst ermine angels sleep!
The Gangway shall o'erflow with tears
Which Lowe and Horsman weep.
Dizzy can Salisbury defy,
Who dreaded Cecil's sneer;
Go! thou werst peerless in this place,
And now—thou'ret but a peer!



VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.



DEPARTURE OF PILGRIMS FROM CAIRO TO MECCA.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT.”

In the very heart of the enormous city, between the Gate of Lat and the Gate of the Bishop, there is a huge quadrangular mass of frowning granite, dignified by the name of a gate, and ingress into which is obtained through three narrow, low-browed doors. It is the size of a needle through which a camel might attempt to pass, but would assuredly stick midway in the attempt. It is a gate that is freely opened to all who knock at it; but its heavy door once closed again, egress is difficult, if not impossible. This is Newgate Prison, whose walls might be built of petrified human hearts, and cemented with human tears. This is Newgate the implacable, the inexorable, the inevitable, to him who forsakes the narrow path for the broad. It is the only reality—a stern remorseless reality, in the shadowy land of crime, where all things wear an aspect not their own.

To me, who am a town-bred man, this jail of Newgate has always been an object of ravenous interest and of insatiable curiosity. There it stands—stern, menacing, silent in the midst of the teeming city life—alone, impassable: alone indifferent to the great world's doings. It rouses nature, and is a desert in the midst of an oasis. Bustling Newgate Market, hard by, overflows with rubicund butchers, and more rubicund housekeepers laying in a stock of good cheer. Over against the north-side of the prison is that noble palace of education, the Bluecoat School, with its hundreds of little lads in their quaint semi-monastic dress, their blue gartered tucks under their crimson girdles to show their yellow petticoats, running, and leaping, and capering at football, and shouting, in all the hilarity of youth and innocence. But gloomy Newgate stands aloof, like the Usher in Hood's magnificent poem, and whispers awful tales of travellers murdered on lonely heaths, and dead bodies hid in caverns. The Old Bailey has its thronged taverns, and houses of call for jovial graziers; within bow-shot on one side is Ludgate Hill, all wealth and commerce, and glistening with its crowds of city beaux and city belles; at the other extremity is Holborn Hill, continually, at the period of which I write, disgorging its rebellious troops of horned cattle, and crowded with lumbering drays. Smithfield, rich in reminiscences of jolly, disorderly, disreputable Bartholemew Fair, is close at hand; the Hospital is there; studious Pater-noster Row, redolent with odours of newly-stitched paper, is not far off; the Great Post-Office, carrying news and gossip, human thoughts and feelings, the expressions of love and hatred, sympathy and friendship, all over the world, stands at the top of Newgate Street; but the Prison stands still contemptuously indifferent to the turmoil of the working world around it. It is

complete in itself. *Se contiene. Fara da se.* A hundred hospitals may open their beneficent wards to the sick; but what cares Newgate?—it has its infirmary. A hundred bells from as many steeples may ring in the faithful to prayers—Newgate has its chapel, its gaol ordinary, its prison communion-tables, its condemned pew. Let the dead bury their dead in as many cemeteries as they choose elsewhere—Newgate buries its own sudden dead within its own precincts, in that dismal corridor where, beneath the flags, moulder whose hierarchy of assassins. For Newgate is a city within a city, and a world within a world; or rather, it is a Cronstadt of crime, whose granite ramparts no broadsides of virtue can shake, and whose barred windows are as embrasures, whence guns of penal calibre point menacingly to the world outside.

On the very same summer afternoon, and about the same time, that Philip Leslie was conversing with Lady Baddington in her boudoir in Curzon-street, Mayfair, the carriage of that noble lady's equally noble Lord was rolling leisurely through the streets towards the prison, the very mention of whose name has seduced me into the foregoing digression.

The Viscount's carriage (the disgust of the resplendent flunkies behind at finding themselves journeying towards so low a locality, can be better imagined than described) draw up at last before the principal entrance of the jail. But ere its occupant descends from it, let us take brief glance at that noble personage, whom you and I, reader, have not seen since a certain wedding-day, in November, eighteen hundred and thirty.

Five years had wrought a marvellous change in Viscount Baddington. You must remember that the Reform Bill had passed since we last met him—a legislative measure which was popularly supposed to be the first step towards bringing about the millennium, and which was to do all sorts of wonderful things for all sorts of people. By persons not exactly belonging to the popular side, the Reform Bill was the inevitable forerunner of the utter dissolution and thorough smashing-up of the world; the cloud-capped towers, solemn temples, gorgeous pinnacles, and great globe itself being only indulged with a momentary respite, by the fortuitous introduction of the Chandos clause into Whiggy's detested enactment. The contingent effect of the abolition of Gatton and Old Sarum upon his Lordship had been to change him into quite a young man. In 1835, though with many remnants of the old beau of the Regency about him, he had yet somewhat of a venerable appearance; but now he was, outwardly at least, entirely youthful. Youthful is the possession of a splendid head of curly brown hair; youthful in a pair of bushy whiskers, which would have been a little more natural to look at, had they not been quite so purple in hue; youthful in a dazzling white set of teeth, a tight waistcoat, and blooming cheeks; youthful in a costume adapted to the height of fashion. No more fur collars or broad-brimmed hats now; but velvet collar, satin stock, under waistcoats, gold eye-glass, tightly-strapped trousers, and patent-leather boots. That stout bamboo stick on which his Lordship seemed to lean somewhat heavily, his hands on its knob, his chin

on his hands, was youthful, too, in its buckish silken tassels. As to the double gold eye-glass, how many men, quite young, are there who, through study or late hours, are near-sighted? And as for the slight bend in the back, every body knows what a slovenly nonchalant bearing some dandies affect. Oh, Lord Baddington was very young indeed in 1835—quite a lad; and as for the furrows and the crows' feet, and the yellow, goose-skin-like integument on his temples and his small be-ringed, be-wrinkled hands, why, these were probably freckles incurred during his Lordship's late continental trip—a trip whose *denouement* was his bringing to London his young and beautiful bride—which a flask or so of Rowland's Kalydor would easily eradicate.

This juvenescent Peer stepped with a senile briskness from his carriage when it had reached its destination, condescending, however, to make pretty liberal use of his bamboo cane, and the outstretched arm of one of his attendants as he quitted the vehicle. The carriage had been, indeed, so lightly hung on its springs by the accomplished Long Acre coach-builder from whose *atelier* it had come, that it gave a graceful rebound as the body of the Peer left it; and he, having one foot on the step at the time, was, in consequence, very nearly precipitated on his noble nose on the kerbstone.

Lord Baddington had a special permit from the Secretary of State for the Home Department not only to visit the jail of Newgate, but a prisoner confined therein—and who was confined in Newgate on remand previous to his transmission to Ireland, there to purge himself of an accusation of forgery—by name John Polyclank. The turnkeys in the outer lodge—rough, gruff, curt-spoken, and somewhat snappish men in general—clustered obsequiously round the possessor of the fine carriage as he entered, and bowed even lower when the Home Secretary's order was read, and they found with what a noble visitor they had to deal. The governor was not, just then, in the way; but was immediately sent for to conduct his Lordship round the jail, while he, worthy nobleman, for his part went about his business in this wise: You are to know that when prisoners in Newgate are permitted to see their friends, it is only for a short time, and from across a double range of iron bars, in the space between which sits a turnkey. When, again, prisoners have interviews with their solicitors, it is in a room with glass sides, round which walks a turnkey who can see everything but hear nothing. But Lord Baddington was the bearer of a special order, empowering him to see John Polyclank in his cell, and alone. I doubt if, nowadays, when *tout-se-sait*, and when the smallest *laches* on the part of authority are commented upon with ruthless severity by an Argus-eyed press, whether even a nobleman could have such a privilege conceded to him by the Secretary of State. But twenty-two years ago prison discipline was not quite so rigorous, nor the walls within which it was maintained quite so transparent as they now are. In this case the high official's order was an undisputed “Open sesame” to that which was the abode of not forty, but more probably four hundred thieves; and preceded by a turnkey, Lord Baddington traversed a seemingly interminable series of corridors and yards, yards and corridors.

At last they entered a small paved court, two sides of which were studded by cell doors. Opening one of them with a resounding clang, the turnkey called out, "Visitor, No. 45"; fell back in order to allow Lord Baddington to pass, closed the cell door again after him, discreetly turned the huge key in the lock—(there was a "Judas," or small trap, open in the door itself)—and then leaning with his back against the wall, fell to staring at the quadrangular patch of blue sky above him with as much intensity and apparent interest as though it had been a view of the Bay of Naples or a panorama of the Battle of Waterloo.

No. 45 was sitting on his bedstead (at the upper extremity of which the bedclothes were artistically rolled up *a la militaire*). No. 45 did not seem to be particularly well pleased with his white-washed parlour. There was a great Bible, with a Hymn-book beside it, on a reading-desk nailed to the wall, but he did not seem to have much inclination to read them. He seemed more occupied in unravelling the woof of a silk pocket handkerchief, thread by thread, in whistling with a grim persistency some very dismal air, whose dolorous melody seemed peculiarly adapted to the atmosphere of a prison, and in beating the devil's tattoo with his foot on the stone floor.

"At last!" he said, looking up as the nobleman entered.

Lord Baddington did not seem to relish the look or the society generally of No. 45. In truth there was an exceedingly ominous and dangerous look about Jack Pollyblank, or Professor Jachimo, or whatever you may choose to call him. His clothes were as fine as of yore, but they had the unmistakable jail tarnish and mildew about them. And his grand and glittering jewellery, where was that? Alas! sequestered by ruthless turnkeys, and safe in prison pigeon-holes.

He was unshaven and dishevelled—it was not shaving day in Newgate, and jail-birds were not quite such bucks of disciplinarianism twenty-five years ago as now. There were brown rings under his eyes. He was not at all a lovable sight to look upon; and so, evidently, thought Lord Baddington, who started—it may be involuntarily—back as the prisoner addressed him; till he bethought him of the open trap in the door, and the turnkey who was sure to be watching outside, which immediately reassured him.

"Yes, Mr. Polly, Polly—what's his name?—Oh, Pollyblank," he answered hastily, "I'm here at last; and I devoutly wish it was to see the last of you. What have you sent for me?"

"Why, look you here, Governor," the unabashed Pollyblank replied—"you'll excuse the liberty I take in calling you 'Governor,' but it's a way we have in the army, or in Newgate. You see the fix I'm in!"

"You have brought it on yourself."

"I don't deny that for an instant, my ancient," the hardened man continued; "you speak like a book, like a blue-book, like a Court Guide; but that's no reason why other people shouldn't try to bring me out of it. I'm here for a forgery matter yonder," he pointed as he spoke to a corner of the stone wall which might be supposed to represent the direction of Ireland,—"and my impression is, that when I go up before an Irish jury, the verdict will be 'Guilty my Lord,' against yours truly, and serve him right. I like foreign travel, but the climate of Van Diemen's Land, I am afraid, would have a noxious effect upon my liver. I have a very peculiar liver, and so I'd rather not be transported."

"The best thing that could happen to you," grumbled Lord Baddington.

"May the difference of opinion, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," continued Pollyblank, with a graceful wave of the hand. "But it isn't alone for this forging business that I'm in here, else I should a week since have been packed off to Dublin, *via* Liverpool. I am the victim of prejudice, my Lord; and one of those prejudices fomented by that scoundrel Bow Street Runner, Leatherhead, is, that I have something to do with a large robbery of bank notes, committed some time since; the plain truth of the matter being, that the notes were lost, and that some body else found them."

"Well, well!" broke in the Peer impatiently.

"It is not at all well, well—you'll excuse me," Jack Pollyblank objected. "It's ill, ill, and no mistake, with yours obediently; and if it had been well I shouldn't have sent for you, my Lord."

"What is it you want?"

"Want! Is anything easier than to see what I want? How would you like to be mewed up in this whitewashed cage like a one-eyed weasel with a complaint in his lungs? What! I want to get off Scot-free. Want! Why, I want my liberty. I'm a man who lives up to my income. I like good wine, pretty girls, and first-rate cigars, watches, chains, good clothes, a trap, and a fast-trotting horse. So did you when you were my age, I'll be bound. So do you now, as far as your powers will let you, my old bird."

"Fellow!" the Peer indignantly exclaimed.

"Fellow me no fellow, as the man in the play would say," retorted Pollyblank, rising from his bedstead and absolutely snapping his profane fingers in the face of the hereditary legislator. "You must get me out of this scrape, old boy, or, as surely as my name's Polyblank, you get into a deuce of a scrape yourself. Look you here," he continued, holding out his large, coarse palm straight before him, "I hold in my hand the honour of the house of Falcon. You know that your niece was only your nephew's leman, and never his wife. You know that your grand-nieces and nephews are still bastards, and that Captain Falcon—Captain Falcon, forsooth!—is heir, not to the Baddington Peerage, but to a bar sinister. You know that you gave Seth Tinctor and myself a thousand pounds to keep this secret, five years since; and that it has been kept, and well kept till now. I want to get out of this infernal place, and to get some more money out of you as a fine for renewing the lease of the secret, my old bloke."

"I cannot compound a felony," the perplexed Lord Baddington expostulated. "I have no power to stay the proceedings against you. As far as I can see, the law must take its course, and—"

"A fig for the law, compounding of felony proceedings, and all the rest of it. You vote against the ministry; can't you vote for them? You have shoals of grand friends; can't you make them squeezable? Hang it, man, aren't you a Lord?"

He had struck the right key-note. Yes, he was a Lord, and there is almost as much divinity hedging one as that which is fallaciously supposed to hedge a king. And again, the Lord's name, like the King's, is a tower of strength. Estates may be sold, or mortgaged, and re-mortgaged up to their arm-pits; entails may be cut off, plate pawned, diamonds sold; the bailiffs may be waiting in livery at the town-house; the sheriff with his writ of *scire facias* in possession of the country seat; but be a Lord, and you may live, aye, and in affluence and in honour, on the credit of your Lordship still.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

"MR. POLYGON—Pollyblank, I mean," said Lord Baddington, "you must be reasonable."

"I'm reasonable enough," the ex-Professor replied, resuming his seat on his iron bedstead; "at the same time, I'm consistent. I ought to be a statesman—Home Secretary at least—I'm so full of reason and consistency. An egg full of meat is nothing to what I am. Be you as reasonable and consistent yourself, and we shall soon come to terms."

"The case to be argued, then, between us," resumed the Peer, "is, as far as I can see, this: You happen to have fallen into difficulties, and, very naturally, wish to extricate yourself from them. You are in possession of certain information which you use as a lever whereby to extort—well, to procure—money and

impunity for yourself from me. Now, as I told you before, I am quite unaware to what extent any influence of mine may be available to obtain your release; but all that I can do shall of course be done. If you would plead guilty to some transportable felony, now I have no doubt that on your arrival in the colony—"

"I will see you, the judge, the jury, and the colony peculiarly well hung before ever I leave this place as a felon," Mr. Pollyblank calmly interposed.

"Well, then, I must consult my lawyer. I am no man of business myself, and haven't the slightest notion how these things are managed. He will call on you to-morrow, and I will give him instructions to do every thing for you in the way of reason."

"Stop, my noble friend, as they say in the House of Lords; I shall want something else besides liberty."

"Something else? What?"

"Stumpy, 'rowdy,' 'blunt,'" answered Pollyblank, significantly.

A Viscount could hardly have possessed an acquaintance with the slang phraseology of the lower orders; and it could only have been intuitively that he was enabled to jump at once at the prisoner's meaning.

"Do you mean that you want more money?" he inquired.

"Exactly so. I want another thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds! Why, you and your accomplice Tinctor have already had one thousand pounds between you."

The firm of Pollyblank and Tinctor, the prisoner contemplatively remarked, "have now dissolved partnership, and the business is carried on by J. Pollyblank, who, while returning thanks for past favours, takes this opportunity of hoping, by strict attention to business, to merit a renewal of them. Orders executed with promptitude and despatch."

"I wish you and your balderdash and villainy were all at the bottom of the sea," muttered the peer to himself. Then, turning to Pollyblank, "What security have I," he asked, "that I shall not again be exposed to a similar demand, and for a sum perhaps as large?"

"Security!" echoed Pollyblank, with a loud laugh of derision. "No security at all, my hearty! Why, what an unsophisticated old baby you must be to imagine that you will ever get rid of me. I'm your friend, my worthy; your incubus, your Old Man of the Sea. You are board, lodging, and washing to me. You're my perpetual stocking with the money in it. You're my landed estate that I draw my rents from. You're my interminable and never-to-be-deferred annuity. You and I are one, are partners, are in the same boat, the same swim, and we will never, never sever, until death do us part!"

Lord Baddington could not help shuddering as the ruffian spoke; for he felt how much bitter truth lay hidden amidst his ribaldry. Save us! how many incongruous partnerships—how many unholy alliances such as this, are there in the world! Not only misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows: prosperity will bring as strange helpers, who claim both bed and board with a grim pertinacity, and to whom you must play Amphitryon, willy-nilly. How many a coroneted grande, rich in the possession of a family tree growing out of the Conqueror's double-breasted waist-coat, the boangs all bending with golden apples, though he would deny the fact were you to tax him with it—a low stable tout and race-course swindler—a cogger of dice and sleeper of cards! How many a fine lady, whom we envy as she sits in her diamonds and her box of the grand tier at Covent Garden, is in secret league, and has a dreadful pact with her chamber-maid—the woman whose mother keeps a coal and potato shed, and doesn't aspire her h's; but who, nevertheless, is my lady's guide, philosopher, friend, and accomplice; knows all her secrets; where that magnificent point-lace came from, and how long the milliner has been waiting for the money; who gave my lady the gold enamelled *châtelaine*, which she said was a present from her grandmamma, but which was in reality purchased by Captain Cutchery, of the Governor-General of India's body-guard, and some time in Europe on sick leave. The worst of these alliances is that the associate has generally been a mere office-cleaner or junior clerk to the firm; but when taken into the house becomes—he or she whom so meet and subevident—a raging tyrant, who bullies the senior partner dreadfully.

"Be it so," Lord Baddington said, warily, as he looked at his watch, and moved slowly and nervously towards the door, as though he were not quite certain that his entertainer would permit the interview to be finished so speedily. "I will instruct my solicitor to call on you to-morrow; and I will set to work myself at once to see what can be done. But, remember, there is a limit even to my patience. I am very far from rich. My heir has positively nothing but his pay and what I allow him; and if you pull the string too tight, Mr. Pollyblank, it will burst, believe me."

"I don't want by any means to pull it too tight, my lad," the interesting captive returned, "I only wish to give your ludship plenty of rope, and you are sure to hang yourself. But I must have the other thousand pounds for all that."

Lord Baddington winced and turned pale—perhaps at the largeness of the sum he was called upon to disburse; perhaps at the horrible familiarity of his disreputable partner. The idea of a Lord hanging himself!

"One word before I go, Pollyblank," he said. "You may fancy I am an inexhaustible reservoir for money, a milch cow that is never dry. In that assumption you are mistaken; but let that pass. Let me ask you one question—Why, in heaven's name, when you had five hundred pounds, did you not invest them in some safe and steady line of business? Surely five hundred pounds was a large sum for a man in the destitute condition in which you appeared to be."

"Safe and steady! Haven't I been half over the world since then? Haven't I been to America? Aren't they a safe and steady people? I was a professor of natural magic and preternatural prestidigitation when those infernal Bow Street officers took me. Wasn't that a safe and steady profession?"

"You appear to have mixed up forgery and robbery with it. Why can't you earn your money legitimately, and be prudent when you have?"

"Because," answered the prisoner with superb complacency, "I have the taste and feeling of a gentleman, and like to enjoy myself, and spend the vile dress freely. You needn't sneer at me, my Lord Viscount Baddington; I was a gentleman once—only I let my first-floor furnished to a most consummate blackguard, the present tenant of the house I live in. Did you always earn your money legitimately, my noble friend with the eye-glass and dyed whiskers? You've shaken that old elbow of yours, and made the bones rattle at Watier's many a time and oft, or else those wicked Sunday papers tell enormous fibs. Were you always prudent when you had money, you old painted mummy? You'd do for a penny show, with the spotted girl for a sister-in-law. Who spent his wife's fortune to the last penny, drawing at the same time from the opera treasury the salary of Mamselle Follejambé, the dancer? Who's over head and ears in debt, and post-obitis, and mortgages, and lawyers' costs?—who, but the noble Lord, who's going to let me out of this blackbird's cage and give me a thousand pounds?"

"To be wasted in the same dissipation, or employed to promote the same schemes of villainy and fraud. Why can't you be an honest man, Pollyblank?"

"A what?"

"An honest man;" and while he alluded to the poetic abstraction, whom Mr. Pope has neatly declared to be the noblest work of God, it is a fact that Lord Baddington blushed a deeper crimson than that stereotyped permanent blush on his cheeks, which came, not from his heart, but from Mr. Atkinson, the perfumer's, in Bond Street.

"Why, can't you, at least," he added, qualifying the term, "keep on the safe side of Newgate?"

The two cynics were face to face. Jack Pollyblank looked at the Peer very assiduously, sitting all the while on his bedstead, his hands on his knees, and his head on one side.

"You mean, why do I commit crime?"

"Exactly so," Lord Baddington acquiesced.

"WHY!" the man on the bed reiterates, as with a sort of shriek he leaped up from his couch, just as you may see a hyena from a corner of his den, when the keeper with the wheelbarrow-full of shankbones of beef comes round the corner. "Why? why, because I like it. Because crime is meat and drink to me—because the fairest woman, and the raciest wine, and the most mettlesome horse, and the loudest dice in the world, are all flat and insipid, and mawkish, in comparison with crime. I've been at it since a boy. I could lie before I could speak, and thief before I could walk. I've forged my schoolmaster's name, and been beaten nearly to death for it. I was a young burglar at home, and had as much pleasure in breaking open a cupboard to get at the cold pie and the bottle of currant wine, as I should have now in breaking into Stowe Palace or the Jewel House in the Tower. There never was but one great man in history, and that was Colonial Blood. Jack Sheppard and all the rest of them were mean, peddling, worsted-stocking rascals. I tell you again, old man, that I was born a gentleman; educated as a gentleman; that my name is no more Jack Pollyblank than it is Jack Thurtell; that I broke my mother's heart, and drove my father to curse me; that I am here now, have been in jail, have committed—well, I am not going to give you a catalogue of my mistakes just now; that I have lived fifteen years by crime; that I intend to live by crime for thirty years longer, and then I suppose I shall die by crime, and the devil will have his own."

He had been talking with extreme volubility, but, from his first exclamation, in a subdued tone. The drops were running down his face; his eyes were glistening; the little muscles in his chin were quivering; his hands kept continually closing and unclosing; and for once, I entreat the reader to believe me, Jack Pollyblank was speaking the truth.

Lord Baddington, an old man, though the tailors, barbers, cosmetic-vendors, and staymakers had made him so young, trembled little, looking at the man on the bed. His noble forehead, and temples, too, assumed a certain yellowish and parchment-like hue, though the bloom on his cheeks defied alike his Lordship's agitation and the unwholesome atmosphere of the cell. He was obliged, though, to wipe his brow with a cambric handkerchief (with a coronet worked in the corner, in Miss Golightly's, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, own hair), for he felt a clammy perspiration breaking out in beads.

"I believe you are the greatest villain in the world," he said, very slowly.

"You're quite right—present company always excepted," the prisoner returned, now the old, urbane humorous Pollyblank again. "Do you make haste, and commit a little more villainy on my account. Go and suborn some body, or perjure yourself, or sell yourself—anything to get me out of this man-trap. The iron's entered in the calf of my leg, I tell you, and confoundedly rusty iron it is too. There—go along with you: I've had enough of the conversation of a Peer of the realm. I'm not proud, but my time is precious. Don't lose a moment in setting about business. You needn't trouble yourself about the thousand pounds till I come for them. I won't let the grass grow under my feet, you may be sure. There—if you hallo through that trap in the door the turnkey will come and let you out. Bye-bye! love to all at home."

With which affectionate farewell Mr. Jack Pollyblank turned his back on his noble friend, and became not only dumb, but apparently deaf; for to a kind inquiry on the part of his Lordship as to whether he required any small sum for pocket-money then he returned no word of reply.

There was no need for the Peer to "hallo," as he had been advised by the prisoner, through the trap in the cell-door. He had only to show his noble visage on the horizon of that quadrangular aperture, when the turnkey, who to all appearance had remained immobile, and staring at the sky ever since I left him at the commencement of this lengthened interview, hastened to release his Lordship, and then respectfully led him through yard and corridor, corridor and yard, towards the great entrance-lobby.

"A curious person that, my man," Lord Baddington conceded to say, as they paced through the echoing passages.

"So cur'ous, your Honour's Lordship," returned the turnkey, touching his cap, "that it's uncommon lucky for him that Sir Robert Peel's alive and kicking, and that Mr. Justice Bayley's dead."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, Sir—my Lord, I mean—that Sir Robert's done away with all these hanging laws; and it's only for murder and one or two things of that sort that they stretch a man's neck now. But, Lord bless you—I beg pardon, my Lord—if old Mr. Justice Bayley had been alive, he'd have had the black cap on in a jiffy, and hung that precious Number Forty-five, without a jury, if the law had allowed him."

"You don't seem to have a very good opinion of him," the Peer observed, smiling uneasily.

"I've just such an opinion of him, your Lordship's Honour," returned the official, unlocking the last door with which he had to deal, and standing on one side, with another touch of his cap, to allow the Peer to pass, "that I think a little hanging would do him a deal o' good; and I tell you what it is, my Lord," he added, confidentially, "if he isn't a lifer this time, and if he ever comes back here again, though Sir Robert is alive, I'm blest if Number Forty-five won't be taking a glass of wine, and a shaking hands with the sheriffs some of these fine Monday mornings. Thank ye, my Lord."

He significantly closed one eye, dropped his head a little to the right, and touched the gland beneath the left ear with his forefinger. Then pocketed his half-crown, and delivering Lord Baddington to other turnkeys, went his way up narrow corridor, taking a legion of echoes along with him.

(To be continued.)

COSTUMES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—Masks were first worn in France during the reign of Francis I., and they were not without their use in after-times of civil strife, albeit, like most other things, subject to abuse. The first pair of silk stockings in France was worn by Henry II., consort of Catherine de Médicis, although it was not until a later date that a manufacture for stockings was instituted in the Bois de Boulogne which locality had long been a favourite resort both of princes and penitents. Before stocking-making became a matter of French trade it was customary for ladies to knit hose; and previous to the time when hosiery was thought of in an elastic form, it was customary for people of rank to case their legs with stuffs—more or less costly—bound on by bandel-tees, such as those worn by Charlemagne—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AN ILLEGAL SENTENCE.—The *Army and Navy Gazette* records another *brutal* *fulmen* launched by a court-martial. Mr. S. S. L. Needham, an assistant-paymaster in the navy, was tried on board Her Majesty's ship Flora, Captain Wilkinson, at Ascension, and was sentenced to be dismissed the service. The unfortunate man, it is believed, contrived to work his way from Africa to America. It has since been discovered that the trial was conducted in an illegal manner, and that the sentence is consequently null and void; and if Mr. Needham pleases, and if he hears of the decision, he is at liberty to resume the professional position from which he has been improperly ousted.

THE GARDEN:

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

PROCEED with the operation of disbudding peaches and nectarines, as individual trees may need it more or less according to the development of growth, which in warm situations will doubtless now be very rapid, and especially should warmer weather succeed, such as we are at present experiencing. Be on your guard as regards aphids pests of every form. These gain a lodgment in an incredibly short time, and by the very process of injury they entail upon the tender young foliage, so entrench themselves within its curled-up deformities as to be almost beyond the sight of superficial observers. Prevention being better than cure, this state of things should never be permitted. I recommend syringing the whole of each tree with a strong solution of Gil-hurst compound; about half an ounce to the gallon of water, with an equal quantity of soft soap, will be ample. This I recommend as a preventive; and in addition, should actual fly exist, if a little of the powdered tobacco recently added to our list of destructives be evenly dusted into their hiding-places whilst the leaves, &c., are moist, a sure check will have been placed upon their depredations. The addition of soft soap, as advised above, I hold to be an essential ingredient, as, by its soft nature when held in solution, it tends much to aid the whole in seeking out and entering remote chinks and crannies, likely to be the birthplace of the pests which it is our aim to destroy. I have before advised the application of liquid manure to all strawberry plantations intended for fruiting; this will continue a necessity should dry weather continue. Those who have given their beds a mulching as lately advised, will have stayed somewhat the excessive evaporation of the past month or two, and will doubtless reap an equivalent for the outlay; though even in such cases, if the weather continues without rain, it will be necessary to have resort to artificial watering. Finish trenching the necessary space for fresh plantations intended to be made with old forced plants. Add abundance of manure, and if but lately treached, tread the ground over firmly before planting, being mindful not to bury the crowns too deeply.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Fresh beds of asparagus in process of formation should have the "young stuff" planted without further delay; be careful not to injure the tender young growths issuing from the crowns in the operation. Make the main sowing of broccoli, not omitting such good late varieties as Cattel's, Williams' Alexandra, &c. Sow another bed of early horn carrots to succeed those now showing through the ground; and should any symptoms occur in beds previously sown, throwing doubt upon the likelihood of any given sort germinating successfully, sow again immediately, and so endeavour to fill up the gap to the best of your ability. Repeat main sowings of peas, broad beans, &c., as frequently advised, as soon as former sowings show through the ground. Earth all up that are a few inches high, for the twofold purpose of keeping them from the too open attack of birds, and of affording an additional security against cold winds and actual frosts. If not already done, make the main sowings, as advised, of beet, scorzoneras, salafy, &c., as by the time they appear above ground we may, it is to be hoped, experience a nice period of warm and growing weather. Give the main beds of asparagus a good salting. Independently of the uses of salt as a manure, if scattered over the bed now it will destroy innumerable small slugs and other insects which prey upon the young "bades," as they push through the ground, often to their no little injury. Prepare a bed with slight fermenting material for "pricking," out the main sowing of celery upon; old material now needing removal from the seedbed will do admirably, as it will, by lying closely together, be likely to engender just such a slight heat as will suffice for the purpose.—*W. E.*, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

HOW TO PREVENT THE POTATO DISEASE.

THIS disease is now so well known to every person, that no description is necessary. Its origin is as difficult to discover as that of moral evil. I may venture to observe that the higher you manure the more it rages. The north of England has, along with Scotland, become famous for growing good potatoes, thousands of tons being sent every year to the London markets, which command high prices. Messrs. Strangeways, of The Leazes, near Bedale, large farmers, have for several years been successful cultivators of the potato. The disease, which nearly every year makes such havoc with the crops elsewhere, is almost entirely unknown to them. On their farm at Lawfield, the land of which is heavy containing a deal of clay, they use one ton of rape-dust (the cost of the best is about £5 10s. per ton) mixed with a quarter of a ton of guano to an acre of potatoes, which produces very heavy and healthy crops. The rape-dust is a powerful fertiliser of itself; but it has the good quality of drying up all superabundant moisture after heavy and continued rains; further, it gives quality and flavour to the potatoes, which when lifted have a fine, clean, wax-like appearance. Every person growing potatoes for exhibition should use rape-dust. Six years' experience has proved beyond a doubt that rape-dust effectually prevents the disease. It is that time since Messrs. Strangeways first used it for potatoes, and they now rarely see a diseased potato, even in strong wet soils. The same mixture also produces splendid onions, and other gardening produce. I may here express my thanks to Messrs. Strangeways for the information, and for allowing me to make use of their names. My practice, in order to obtain a few early kidneys, is to place long litter under and over the sets, which must be nicely sprouted. I then give a good dusting of rape-dust, and sprinkle in each row a little carbonate of soda, only a small quantity, then cover up very carefully for fear of breaking the sprouts. The sets must be handled as carefully as eggs. The long litter acts as drainage; the rape-dust and soda are strong fertilisers. Carbonate of soda and rape-dust cause quick and strong growth. On this system I have produced tubers from "Mona's Pride" potato as large as hens' eggs, lifted on the 17th of May, and grown in the open ground, not, as may be supposed, under a wall. When there was any appearance of a frosty night, I covered them up with mats, propped up with sticks, old newspapers, or anything I could lay hands on of a light character. Winter potatoes, rounds, such as York Regent, Rocks, &c., grown in a light soil, are generally of a better quality than those grown in strong clay soil, but they do not keep good so long as those grown in strong soil by two months. Rape-dust may be used with a little manure, if manure is necessary; but where a garden soil is already rich, neither manure nor guano are requisite, as the rape-dust is a warm and powerful fertiliser of itself. Its two grand properties, when used for growing potatoes, lie in its giving hardiness and a wax-like appearance to the tubers, and in improving the flavour and promoting mealiness, two very desirable requisites.—*H. T.* in the *Gardener's Magazine*.

KU KLUX KLAN.—The secret society which is gradually becoming known to us under the fantastic name of the Ku Klux Klan is a fresh local manifestation of that bitter feeling towards the governing men in the South which the defeated side continues to cherish. The members of this society live chiefly in Tennessee, and mark down on a list the names of their Northern neighbours, or other men of Northern politics, who are obnoxious to them. A warning is sent to them to leave that part of the country, and if they disobey they are assassinated. Several murders of this kind have been committed, but General Grant has resolved to hunt down the persons who form the Ku Klux Klan, and the plan of their operations is likely to be materially restricted for the future.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE most solemn week in the year has once more come and gone, and during its continuance churches were thronged, and from the lowest to the highest class of society there was, let us hope, penitence and contrition. There were no balls and no reunions; the only grand toilettes were those worn by the ladies who collected the offertories at the various churches. Sermons and concerts, at which sacred music only was to be heard, Concerts Spirituels, as they are called in France, formed the chief topics of conversation.

On Holy Thursday, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was performed at the Tuilleries, Mlle. Nilsson and M. Faure being the principal vocalists. The fair Swede understands thoroughly the art of interpreting religious music, her pure clear voice was lifted as angel's above the noises of the earth.

On the same evening there was a concert of religious music at the Italians, where Miles. Patti, and Nicolini, Mmes. Tiberini, Grossi, &c., sang admirably. The toilettes were very simple, very good style, nothing eccentric to catch the eye. Black velvet and white muslin were the most popular materials, and several dresses were prettily arranged. I remarked one of clear white muslin, worn over a spring green silk petticoat; the skirt was bordered with five gauffered flounces, edged with a narrow insertion of plain net; green silk waistband fastened with a bow at the back, ruched with plain tulie; bodice à la vierge, with small balloon sleeves, fastened round the top of the arm, with an insertion lined with green ribbon; a tulie ruche, with a green ribbon under it, bordered the top of the bodice; a spray of white galega in the hair, with natural foliage.

A more severe style of toilette I remarked was claret-coloured faille, the skirt bouillonné as far as the knees with tulie to match. A satin sash of the same colour, edged with white lace, commenced at the waist on the right side of the skirt, and was crossed to the left side, being fastened by an agrafe of precious stones. The bodice was bouillonné with tulie, and a diamond bouquet worn in front. The head-dress consisted of ruby velvet bows and diamond stars. Point d'Alençon shawl.

The first communion of the Prince Imperial is announced for the 20th April, and the book which the young Prince is to use on the occasion is of marvellous magnificence—quite a Gothic missal. It is bound in Levant blue morocco; on the cover there is a large silver cross, and the two clasps that fasten it figure another cross; the edges of the leaves are white, studded over with small gold crosses. The inside of the book is even still more beautiful than the binding; each page is embellished with a different design; and all so capriciously and yet gracefully, that you are reminded of the illuminated missals of the 15th and 16th centuries.

On the first page the following words are written: "Livre de Première Communion de S. A. l. le Prince Imperial." The letter L encloses L. E. N., the initials of his Imperial Highness Louis Eugene Napoleon.

Some time ago it was announced that the Director-General of Theatres offered a prize of 3,000 francs to the author of the best operatic poem. The competition for it has recently come off, and in the meantime another prize of 3,000 francs has been offered for the best score. The jury, presided over by M. Camille Doucet, to whom this good and encouraging scheme for the furtherance of art is due, have awarded the prize for the best operatic poem to M. Gaillaud, a young, aspirant hitherto unknown, to fame, whose production, according to report, is remarkable and very charming.

Easter has been celebrated in Paris in a gay, lively fashion. Never do I remember to have seen so many Easter eggs, or such a variety, on any former anniversary. Those that are given to children are made either of sugar or of wood, painted prettily over with tiny flowers; in the inside of the egg there is a baby in swaddling clothes, or else some other plaything. At Giroix I saw an enormous wooden egg, painted rose colour, and inside of it there was a carriage drawn by two horses, occupied by a beautiful doll most elegantly attired, and with two footmen standing at her back. At Klein's, the famous Austrian shop on the Boulevard, a very pretty Easter egg, made of painted cardboard, was given to everyone who made a purchase. No matter how large the article you invested in might be, an egg sufficiently large to contain it was certain to be forthcoming.

There were also eggs made of Sevres china, and likewise of crystal; some large enough to serve as little boxes, others small enough for scent bottles. But the most tempting eggs were those made of gold and silver, and sold by the large jewellers. Each egg contained an ornament—the popular ornament of the season—such as a large gold locket in open chased work, with a rock crystal in the centre, or an Etruscan locket with black ground-work and figures in enamel upon it; or a renaissance locket representing an angel's head encircled with open chasing, having the effect of heavy Venetian lace; or a Pompadour locket surmounted with the celebrated knot of pearls, and set in precious stones as varied in hue as the flowers in a bouquet.

There are also enormous crosses, which, by the way, are worn larger than ever. Crosses made of gold and silver and steel, chased, enamelled, and inlaid—crosses, in fact, of every description—are now worn over the large cardinal collars, so fashionable at the present moment, and which impart at once so dressy an effect to a black toilette. These cardinal collars are made of white muslin trimmed with Valenciennes insertion, and embroidery used alternately; occasionally they are made of guipure.

What are called flower ornaments, bird ornaments, and insect ornaments are still very popular. A pretty humming bird's head, with emerald and ruby plumage set in dead gold, forms a charming brooch. Necklets are also composed of birds' heads set in gold, but for headaddresses the birds are left unset. Shawl pins and brooches are made an enormous size; horses' and greyhounds' heads are much in vogue for this style of ornament.

A novel style of necklace has been introduced, which is certain to be a success. Precious stones are now set in gold, and holes are made in the setting so that they may be sewn on either black or coloured ribbon velvet. They can thus by this simple arrangement be made to harmonise with any dress. Rhine crystals, garnets, and sequins are also mounted on velvet for the same purpose, and prove very effective.

About a month ago I wrote on the subject of mantilles, which have suddenly grown into such high favour that I must revert to them again. I saw two on Saturday last at the concert of sacred music given at the Italians, and as they were especially pretty I will describe them. The first was made of Spanish silk embroidered with violet, in violet and like silk. It was crossed in front, and extended far down the back of the skirt in wide ends. The pelerine of the mantille descended lower than the waist. At the side, somewhat to the back of the ear, there was a bouquet of Parma violets; while loops of ribbon, arranged like a fan, fastened the mantille to the front of the bodice. The second was made of Chantilly lace, and embroidered humming birds glistened like precious stones upon the lace. One of the ends of the mantille fell straight; the other was thrown over the left shoulder—draped, in fact, à la Rachel, as it is styled.

I will now describe a handsome toilette worn on Sunday by one of the fair collectors of offerings at the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin. A skirt with an immensely long train of dove-grey ribbed silk, scolloped and trimmed with ruby satin roulleaux. A tulie looped up in paniers, with a long sash of ruby satin, and fastened down the front with garnet buttons cut in facets. Lambskin mantelet to match the dress, with a narrow border of ruby satin. Tight sleeves fastened with three garnet buttons.—Queen.

LITERATURE.

"Recollections of Missimo d'Azeglio." Translated, with Notes and an introduction, by Count Mafci. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall.)

D'Azeglio's pictures of Roman life are as true as they are diverting. It is in these sketches of a strange old world, seen from the inside, by one who was not only friendly but to the manner born, that the chief and permanent value of this book will lie. Take this glimpse into the society in Rome:

"At evening parties and other social gatherings, love matters were discussed, examples quoted, and evidence adduced. Cases were thus weighed and examined, and judgment finally ensued; and even at that period universal suffrage was already that of a few big-wigs who took the lead in society. But the most curious thing was the kind of morality, probity, and honesty professed by the votaries of that creed. According to plain sense, every one is free to do what he pleases; but at the bottom of his heart he must admit that to deceive is always an unworthy action, and that even a husband ought to be protected by this formula of public morality. There, on the contrary, to deceive a lover, God forbid; but a husband, of course! Ordinary sense also teaches that, if the deceived husband chooses to shut his eyes and behave as if nothing had occurred, well and good; it is his own business, and nobody has a right to meddle. Still, a shade of ridicule, and sometimes worse, is attached to him, and he can scarcely escape unscathed. There, on the contrary, God forbid that a joke or a sarcastic word should be uttered about so interesting and useful a member of society. Women in particular, especially the middle-aged, would at once interpose—'What! for shame! he is a worthy man, an excellent person, very well-bred!' If, on the other hand, a rather less well-bred husband did what the plain sense of every other country considers as perfectly natural; if he in some way or other expelled the individual who presented himself in his house as a partner, or if he only did not receive him with a cordiality equal to that of his wife, there was a general burst of indignation in the whole church of Cnidus. I perfectly remember the case of a young man, the son of a lady whose house was frequented by all Rome. He had fallen in love with the young wife of an officer, who was also young, handsome, and of charming disposition, but who had the strange pretension of thinking his better-half might be content with him alone. But the fair darlinx was not at all content; and finally one day the officer had the audacity to tell both his wife and the intruder plainly, that he did not intend to have his head adorned with the emblem of Action, in words such as are resorted to on similar occasions by those who have had a surfet. In the evening I met the usual company; and when I approached the group surrounding the lady of the house (the mother of the lover), I found her in a very ill-humour, muttering something in an excited way, raising her voice every now and then to give vent to her anger, and I particularly remember the words, 'A monster! what a monster!'—I whispered to a friend, 'Who has put her out?'—'P. * * *'—'And why?'—Because he has made a scene with his wife and the other. Perhapse he surprised them. How do I know? I soon discovered the truth, which was precisely as my friend guessed. And I remember with pleasure that neither my mind nor my heart had been sufficiently corrupted by that school, for me not to feel astounded at the strange epithet employed by maternal love in such circumstances."

"Essays on the Political History of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By Jules van Praet. Edited by Sir Edmund Head, Bart. (Bentley.)

A full description of Cardinal Richelieu's administration, in the fourth essay, is perhaps the part of this book on which we should look with most favour. A quotation from it will give a fair idea of M. van Praet's manner:

"The life of Richelieu; the reserve which he maintained before he acquired the height of power; his guarded behaviour towards those who had it in their power to injure him without his being able to retaliate; his rigour towards such of his personal enemies as he was able to reach; his care not to create new adversaries; his large views and his minute precautions; his natural severity; his insensibility, which was more evident when he was menaced, ill, or unfortunate; his anxiety the day after he had shed the blood of an adversary; the care he took of his dignity at such times when his conduct might compromise him; the precision which he brought to bear on the execution of an idea which was bold or somewhat immoral—everything in his career proves the firmness, exactness, and courage of his mind, and the lukewarm character of his feelings. His jealousies were never vulgar or blind; he was not afraid of employing and favouring men of position, reserving to himself the right of crushing them if they were rebellious or unfaithful. He removed or sacrificed those who might have ruined his credit or menaced his life; not those who could serve him with distinction and even with glory. What is as remarkable in him is the power and resolution of a great intellect, plunging at once calmly and fearlessly into the vast and complicated future of a bold policy; while he saw with a glance, as comprehensive as it was just, the distance of the goal, and the obstacles on the road. As soon as he had become powerful, he revealed his designs; he negotiated with the United Provinces, and manifested his true sentiments with regard to Spain. What distinguished his genius was, that his audacity was tempered by rule and by reflection; the energy of this enterprising spirit, and the activity of this suffering body, were governed by cool calculation and by reason. The union of qualities which he possessed—his mind at once indomitable and prudent, bold and watchful—justly places him very high in the admiration of the world as one among the men who have exercised most influence on the destinies of a great country."

"Our Canadian Dominion." Half a Dozen Ballads about a King for Canada. By Martin F. Tupper. With Some Poem Comments. (London: F. Agar, 11, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, E.C.)

The shop-compelling Tupper thus attunes his lyre in praise of monarchical institutions:

A KING FOR A COLONY.

"Cubs of the grand old lioness brood,
Patriot colonies, sturdy and shrewd,
All of you—each—wherever unfurled
St. George's Cross flames over the world,
Hearken a minute, and let one word
Now by two hemispheres loudly be heard—
Alfred! glory shines in the name;
Alfred! it rings on the buckler of fame;
Alfred! which of you, then, most wise,
Prays and works to secure such a prize?
Lo! what a name as a Founder-King's!
What a seed of high thoughts, what a root of good things!
What a watchword in war, what a motto for peace!
What a prince—more worthy of you—than of Greece!"

We hope the two hemispheres are grateful, we frankly confess that we are not.

We have received a pamphlet on "The Prisons of London and Middlesex." (Issued by the Howard Association.) Also, a treatise on "Neuralgia: Cases Treated Successfully by the Spinebag." By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., physician to the Farringdon Dispensary.

"QUICK SANDS."—"The Sands of Life," which so soon "run out."—Judy.

THE TIMBER MERCHANT AND HIS DEAR MISS JONES.

JONES v. HEASEMAN, was an action to recover damages for a breach of promise to marry.

Mr. Gibbons said that the defendant was a timber merchant, in business in York-road, Lambeth, and he had some property at East Grinstead. The plaintiff, who was thirty years of age, was the daughter of a timber merchant, who had carried on his business at Rotherhithe. The father died in 1860, leaving a widow and three children, of whom the plaintiff was the eldest. The widow carried on the business until her death in 1866, and from that time it was carried on by the plaintiff. The defendant had transactions in the way of business with the plaintiff, and in May an intimacy sprung up between them, the defendant visiting the plaintiff and taking her out very frequently. Their being so much together accounted for the fact that there were no letters but one which had passed between them. This one was in these terms:—

"York-road, Lambeth.
"My Dear Miss Jones,—I have just got an appointment for the first thing tomorrow morning, but if your brother Charley can go tomorrow about the middle of the day I will call for him. An answer by bearer will oblige, and accept of my kind love."

He should ask the jury to say, from this letter, and also from the terms upon which the parties were, and from certain conversations, that there had been a promise to marry. The intimacy continued until October, when the engagement was broken off in consequence of some questions asked by the plaintiff of the defendant in reference to some other woman, a question, however, which an intended wife had a perfect right to ask.

Mrs. Caroline Norris, the plaintiff's sister, spoke to the plaintiff being frequently visited by the defendant, and to their being very intimate. On one occasion she went with them to Nunhead Cemetery, and afterwards they had tea. The defendant noticed three rings which witness had on, and turning to the plaintiff said, "If I get you a wedding ring and keeper will that be sufficient?" She

said that that would be quite sufficient, as she had one or two dress rings of her own. On another occasion witness's little boy was with her at the plaintiff's house. The defendant was breakfasting with the plaintiff, and he brought the child to witness, saying, "That she must take him as the plaintiff was going out with him." He said that the little boy was very fond of his aunt, and he thought that when he got married they would take the child to live with them. On a subsequent occasion at supper witness and her husband were present. The defendant said, "Do you not think that we shall make a happy couple when we get married?" and the reply was, "They would; when was it to be." The defendant said she had only to name the time. Some short time afterwards witness was leaving after supper, and said to the plaintiff, "Good night, Miss Jones," and added, "Good night, Mr. Heaseman." The defendant said, "You might as well say good night, Mrs. Heaseman, as she soon will be." During the time of the intimacy their conduct towards each other was such as would have been very improper if they were not engaged.

Cross-examined: The plaintiff was 30, and the defendant 50 years of age. Her child that the defendant proposed to take was 16 months old.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantyne: So he proposed to provide himself both with a wife and a child at the same time (laughter).

Witness continued: Her brother could not now attend because he was in a little trouble. She never heard that the acquaintance was broken off because the defendant would not trust the plaintiff for some timber. She never heard that while the defendant would trust himself he would not trust for his timber (laughter).

Mr. Morris, a rope-maker at Rotherhithe, the husband of the last witness, gave similar testimony. He also said that on one occasion when they were walking home together the plaintiff and his sister were in front; the defendant asked which he thought would be the best wife, and said that he intended to marry Mary Ann (the plaintiff).

Mary Buckley also spoke to the parties having been on intimate terms. On one occasion the defendant assisted the plaintiff into a cart, and took very great care of her (a laugh).

William Daniels said that he "believed" he was a tenant of the defendant. He did not pay any rent himself; his wife paid it. It was 7s. a week. The next house also belonged to the defendant.

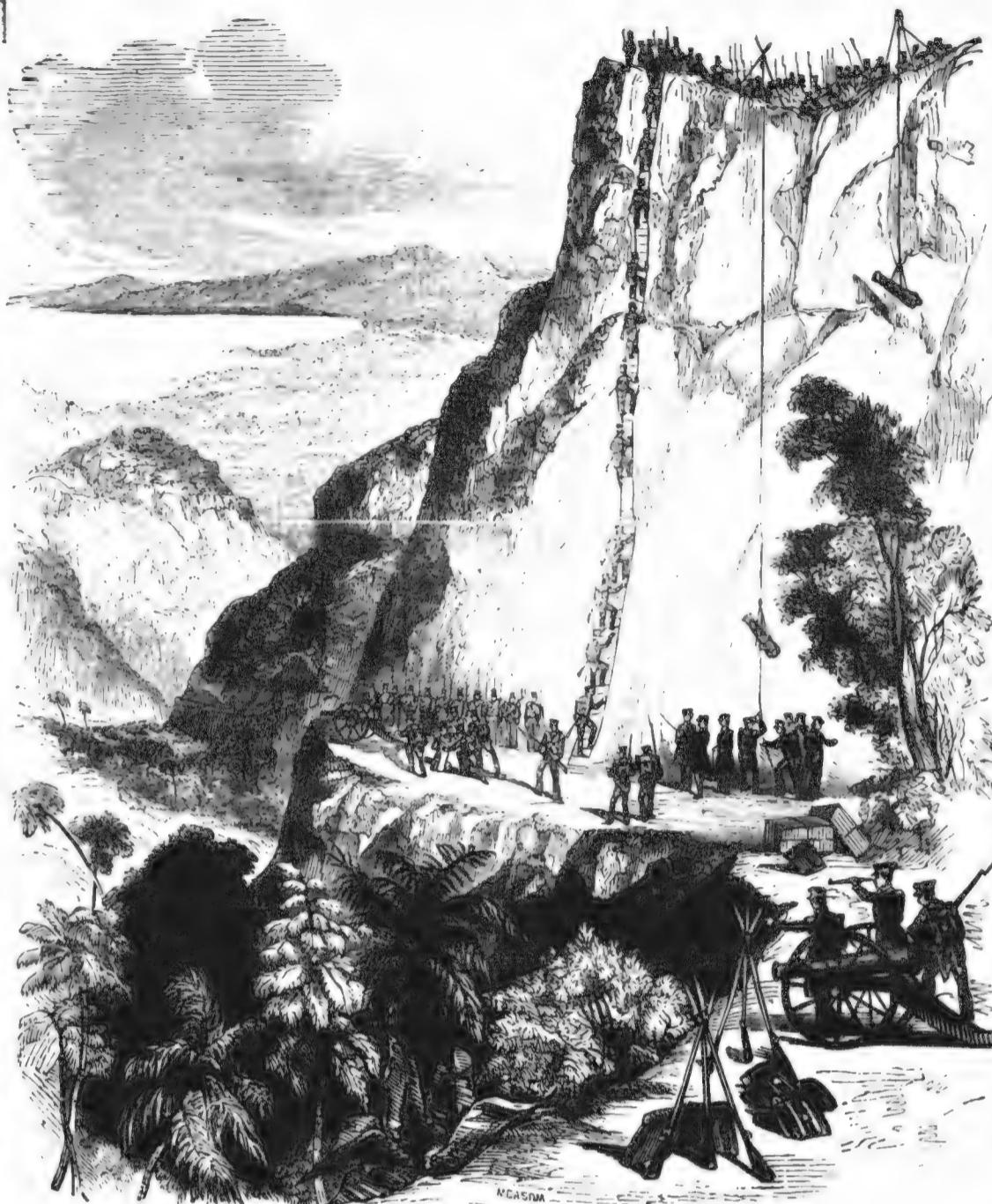
To the Judge: He did not know whether the defendant was the freeholder or whether he paid rent himself.

John Mackay said that he rented a house in York-street, Lambeth, of the defendant, and paid 12s. 6d. a week. The next house belonged to him (the defendant). His timber-yard was under a railway arch. It occupied only one.

Mrs. Hannah Heaseman, the defendant's sister, said that she lived on a farm at East Grinstead. The son was 23 years old, and had been landlord for a twelvemonth. The defendant was a widower.

brought Miss Jones down to the farm. He brought her down look at some timber, and not upon any love affair (laughter).

HOISTING GUNS OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF ABYSSINIA



Miss Jones was unwell and went to bed. Witness thought she was tipsy. She said she would rather be there than come down to dinner; but being persuaded she came down to dinner. Witness saw her upon the bed, and believed she was "intoxicated" (a laugh).

Mr. Sergeant Ballantyne: Perhaps it was only love (laughter). Witness continued: Miss Jones wanted to buy some timber out of the forest, and she wanted it for less than the defendant would sell it for. They could not agree upon the price.

The attorney's letter to defendant was then put in, and also the answer, which stated that there never had been any promise of marriage.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantyne called no witnesses, but in addressing the jury liked the case to another celebrated one, which, however, was not found reported in any law book; and after going in detail through the evidence, contended that it was of such a character that the jury would not be justified in finding that the defendant had made a solemn promise to marry the plaintiff.

The jury, after considering the matter for a few minutes, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £50.

A NEW SUBJECT FOR STUDENTS.

As a Protestant I utterly scorn and detest the instinct which drives a man from among his fellows into a solitary or Essopian life; but as a rough-and-ready student in natural science, I recognise the force of that same instinct throughout the animal world. Among the most delightful puzzles of zoology is the *raison d'être* of the "rogue" elephant. How or when, or wherefore, he takes to a hermit-life, abandoning the social joys of his kind, the old familiar pastures, the company of his mate, and the hope of a family, are questions that ask themselves of every shikari; every writer deems it his duty to offer at least a few words on this unsolved enigma—to suggest some analogy, or frankly to confess his bewilderment. Some have it that the "rogue" is an outcast from the herd, driven from their society on account of his incurable villainy and turbulence; others, that accident alone separated him long since from his natural family, and that a tender yearning for those he has lost makes him thus worse; others attribute his outlawry to some objectionable disease. It seems to me probable that each of these causes may at times have its effect; but on looking further afield, among all species and genera of warm-blooded things, one is led to suspect an instinct of isolation which affects animals as well as mankind. For, whatever be the circumstances which cast out the "rogue" from his herd, many other creatures are similarly moved. The solitary baboon, wolf, bear, and "savalino," I have found or heard of in many parts. All such animals are savage and dangerous according to their powers of mischief; but whether this be the cause or effect of their solitary existence, is a question we are not yet able to answer. One point about them, however, is perfectly certain—they are always very fat, which is an encouragement to bachelors.—*Temple Bar*.

WINDSOR PARK AND CASTLE.

To attempt to describe Windsor Castle, or to trace its history, is out of the question in our narrow limits. We give an illustration of this magnificent Royal residence, and here are a few words about the Park:—"He who has not seen Windsor Park," says the late Mr. Jease, "has not seen the greatest attraction that Windsor possesses;" for "the vast superiority of Windsor over other palaces, as well as its intrinsic beauty, is bestowed upon it by nature; and it is in its association with natural beauty, that the greatest pleasure of our visit is derived." In fact, the Park itself will require days for a due inspection of its great and ever-varying attractions; nor can those be said to have any notion of the real beauties of Windsor, who have been hurried through the usual sights of the Castle, and then concluded their task with a drive up the Long Walk. Windsor Park, as most persons know, is divided into the Home or Little, and the Great Park; the former a beautiful expanse of lawn, comprising about 500 acres walled in, and extending round the east and north sides of the Castle; while the Great Park, on the south side, comprehends a much varied, though generally well-wooded surface of about 3,800 acres. The Home Park boasts of some very noble trees, and derives interest, in addition to its intrinsic beauty, as the scene of those revels which Shakespeare has described in his "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and here was the famous tree—Herne's Oak. The veritable tree was cut down by an unfortunate mistake at the close of the last century. Ireland, in his picturesque description of the Thames, published in 1792, describes it as then standing.

There are, however (remarks Mr. S. C. Hall in his "Book of the Thames"), many in Windsor who believe that this tree is not the tree, but that a venerable ruin which still exists, and to preserve which every possible care has been taken, is actually that to which the immortal poet made reference in the drama of which the scene is laid in this neighbourhood. (This tree was blown down a year or two ago.)

The principal object of attraction in the Great Park is the Long Walk. The view from the summit is probably unrivalled in England for luxuriant beauty. Nothing can be finer than the effect of the "long drawn aisle" of magnificent trees extending from Snow Hill to Windsor, a distance of nearly three miles in a direct line.

SAYERS v. STENT.

THIS was a bill filed by Sarah Sayers and Thomas Sayers, two illegitimate children of Tom Sayers, the pugilist, who died 8th of November, 1865, for the purpose of carrying out the trusts under the will of Tom Sayers, and for the performance of certain trusts under an indenture dated 10th June, 1861. The defendants are Messrs. Stent, Perry, and Bennett, trustees under an indenture dated 10th June, 1861. In that year a subscription was collected by the friends and admirers of Tom Sayers amounting to upwards of £3,000, which was paid into the hands of Messrs. Stent, Perry, and Bennett as trustees for Tom Sayers. This sum was invested, and the interests and dividends were received by Sayers during his life, and upon further trust after his decease for his children, and if there should be no child then to such person or persons as Sayers should, by deed or will, appoint. Tom Sayers, by his will, dated March 23, 1863, after reciting that he had no legitimate issue, bequeathed the said sum of £3,000 to defendant, Henry Bennett, upon trust for his two illegitimate children, the plaintiffs Sayers left a widow. Robert Aldridge, James Aldridge, Alfred Aldridge, and Charles Aldridge, infants, the children of Sarah Sayers, the wife of Tom Sayers, obtained leave to attend the proceedings. They were alleged by the plaintiffs not to be the children of Tom Sayers, and in the register of births were not so described.

After the examination of several witnesses, the following questions were directed to be tried on oral evidence before the Court. Whether there was or were any and what child or children of Thomas Sayers in the decree in this cause mentioned living at the date of the indenture of June 10, 1861, or born afterwards and when such child or children, if any, was or were respectively born; and whether any, and which, of them has or have since died, and when.

His Lordship found that there was one child only of Thomas Sayers and Sarah, his wife, born before the date of the settlement, viz., James Aldridge Sayers, born November 5, 1859, and two children only born after the date of the settlement, viz., Alfred Aldridge Sayers, born March 11, 1863, and Charles Aldridge Sayers, born April 12, 1864.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone.—[ADVT]

GRAY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT]

DEATH OF GENERAL SIMPSON.

This distinguished military officer died on Saturday last at his residence, Horringer, near Bury St. Edmund's, after a somewhat protracted illness. The deceased officer was born in Roxburghshire, in 1792, and having entered the army in 1811 was soon introduced to hard service. He took part in the Peninsular War from May, 1812, and was present at the defence of Cadiz and the attack on Seville. He was promoted to the rank of captain in 1813, and fought in the campaign of 1815, receiving a severe wound at Quatre Bras. He afterwards served some time on the staff in Ireland, and subsequently held an important command in the Mauritius, where he won a high reputation as a regular and meritorious officer. He served under Sir C. Napier throughout the Indian campaign of 1845, where he also distinguished himself, and won high esteem from Lord Ellenborough, the then Governor-General. On the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854 he was sent out to discharge the important duties of chief of the staff, and was subsequently appointed, much against his own inclination, commander in chief, as successor to Lord Raglan. Being a very active and painstaking officer, he did his best in that very arduous position; but two unsuccessful assaults upon the Redan having taken place, he was subjected to severe strictures. His merits were, nevertheless, recognised by the Government of the day, and he was promoted to the rank of general, and decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Soon after receiving these marks of Royal favour, he resigned the command, and was succeeded by Sir W. Codrington. In 1855 he was appointed colonel of the 87th Regiment. He has since received the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Shortly after the close of the Crimean War General Simpson took up his residence at Horringer, where he lived in retirement until the time of his decease.

THE PRESIDENT'S IMPEACHMENT.

In confirmation (if any were needed) of Mr. Wendell Phillips's confession that the President has been impeached simply because the Republican party wish to secure the Government patronage for use in the next election, we may take the testimony of "A Yankee" in the *Spectator*. This correspondent is a well-known member of the Radical party, and his fidelity to the cause has never been impugned. He states, on the authority of a friend, "a man who never says what he does not know to be true," that every senator who was "counted on" before the impeachment began is "pledged to stand firm for condemnation"—regardless, of course, of the evidence which may be brought forward on one side or the other. The result of the trial is as certain now, said the "Yankee's" friend, as it will be after all is over. If we may judge from the triumphant tone of the American Radical papers, this arrangement can scarcely be called a secret one. It may be alt very wise and proper—but what is the use of Radicals in England pretending that the impeachment trial is a splendid example of the American love of "law and order?" Why do they put an issue before us here which has scarcely been raised once in America? The "Yankees" says he shall despair of the Republic if justice can be perverted in the way his friend describes. He need do nothing of the kind. Let him come to this country and take up his residence with our Radicals, and he will soon be taught to see that nothing can possibly be done amiss in America, and that what he regards as great errors are great virtues when looked at from a distance of three thousand miles.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £100.

ON Monday two representatives of the Manchester and London divisions of sculling met to contend from Putney to Barnes for

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND.

It may not be much, as an object of ambition, to be the Lord Lieutenant's guest; it may be very little to have no higher aim proposed than to be paraded through a few streets of a city remarkable for its beauty; and it may be least of all to have to wear a fine dress in a most unmeaning and almost grotesque masquerade of ceremonial. But for once there is something of State duty for the Prince of Wales to discharge. And in the discharge of little duties, if they are all that can be assigned to him, a man may shine. Everything is in his favour. He goes to Ireland without the shadow of a suspicion as representing either a faction of that country or a faction of this. It is not Protestant ascendancy or Ultramontane tyranny, disendowment, or agrarian reform or revolution, that he comes to recommend or to reason about, but simply to show that Ireland has no cause, no interests, no duties which belong to the four transmarine provinces of the empire by any speciality or privilege. This is the lesson which we mean to impress on ourselves; for we do not choose to speak of Ireland or Irishmen in the third person. And this is no mean or trivial lesson, for it has taken us some centuries at least to learn even that such a lesson wanted teaching. And if the Prince of Wales impersonates and represents this one political truth, he will indeed have discharged an "imperial work and worthy kings." It is but a sullen and grudging estimate of the occasion to see in this Royal visit a mere act of peace-offering. Nor is it very respectful to what is called Irish patriotism, to talk as though Ireland were some fractious baby to be soothed with a gewgaw toy or a sugared comfit. If the question of Ireland can be settled by a levee, a review, a horserace, and smart bonnets, the British people and Parliament are just now making themselves supremely ridiculous. The terrible murder of Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, on his actual return from the Dublin festivities, may teach caution to the



FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN.

PAUPER NURSING.

A VERDICT of manslaughter returned by a coroner's inquest against Henry Harman, a pauper warden in Lambeth workhouse, affords another illustration of the atrocities of pauper nursing in the wards of our workhouses. Harman, placed in charge of a sick ward during the absence of the nurse, found one of the patients, George Baggaly, a man nearly seventy years of age, very troublesome; and told him he "would prevent his being troublesome at night." Towards evening Harman took a bottle containing morphine from a cupboard, poured some of it into a cup and handed it to Baggaly, telling him it was port wine. Baggaly drank of the morphine and complained of its taste, to which Harman replied, "Never mind, you have got it in you now." Presently Baggaly sank into a stupor, from which he was never roused, and the next day he died. It was proved at the inquest that there was a label on the bottle of morphine stating that a tablespoonful was a dose, that Harman had given the deceased double that quantity, and that the medicine had not been prescribed for him at all.

DEPARTURE OF PILGRIMS FROM CAIRO TO MECCA. The illustration on page 281 represents the annual departure of pilgrims from Cairo to Mecca, the burial place of the prophet Mahomet. The caravan defiles before the Pacha of Egypt, troop present arms, and alms are liberally bestowed upon the poor relations the pilgrims leave behind. Altogether it is a most interesting sight.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. MEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER, Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

£50 a side, in outriggers. The men were Mark Addy, of Manchester, who has long identified himself with the rowing interests of the Cottonopolis, both as a sculler and an oarsman, and as a member of the celebrated four which rowed under the name of the Colleen Bawn. His opponent was John Pedgrift, of Surbiton, like himself a landsman of repute, having taken an oar in the four-oared boat winning on two occasions the £100 prize at the Thames National Regatta. Addy, in consequence of his prowess as a fast starter, agreed in the articles to give his opponent two lengths' start, while he for coming to London to row, received £10 expenses from Pedgrift. The disgraceful termination of the Championship race had put the backers of both on their guard, and articles were drawn up which left the race entirely in the hands of a contemporary, leaving it to him to appoint a referee, from whose decision there should be no appeal. The way in which the boats were to be started was from skiffs moored, the sterns of the contestants being held by men in the skiff until the signal was given. By this time matters were all pretty well managed. The weather was exceedingly boisterous, and great difficulty was experienced in getting the moorings for the competitors to start from, so after a false start, whereby much time was wasted and the race was delayed till high water, Addy virtually gave his opponent about a length and a quarter start. They immediately shot for the Surrey side, and Addy got away so quickly that in a quarter of a mile he was level with his man, and at the London Boat House half a length ahead. The race at this point may be said to have been over, for, although Pedgrift came up once or twice, it was evidently on sufferance, and Addy, preserving his lead, won at Mortlake by four lengths. Betting was 2 to 1 on Addy. John Phelps, the waterman, of Fulham, was referee.

THE Oxford Eight—From 1860 till now.—*Judy*.

eloquent soothsayers who tell us that the great problem of the day is to be thus cheaply solved. Let the Royal visit be taken for what it is worth; that worth is real and important enough neither to be made too much nor too little of. If, on the one hand, it is taken as a mere show, or if, on the other, it is elevated to the rank of a stupendous feat of statecraft, it may do as much harm as good; possibly more harm than good.—*Saturday Review*.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.—The instructions issued by Ulster King at Arms to the stewards of the installation in St. Patrick's Cathedral contain a paragraph which is worth quoting:—"It is particularly desired that every attention be paid and every facility afforded to the gentlemen of the press; and the stewards will see that no one intrudes on their reserved places." In the set arrangements for a great Court ceremonial this is certainly a new though not an unnecessary instruction; and the example set by Sir Bernard Burke may be followed with advantage by minor functionaries on less important occasions. Everybody expects to read in the newspapers a tolerably accurate report of public speeches or description of public spectacles; but it often happens, from sheer thoughtlessness rather than from design, that the "gentlemen of the press," who are the eyes and the ears of the absent, are so placed that they cannot perform the duty expected of them with accuracy; leaving their own comfort out of the question.

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

WANTON ASSAULT.—Edward Hearne, powerful-looking young man, a boot-maker, was charged before Aldermen Wilson and Gaunt on remand with an aggravated assault.—The complainant was Stephan Barker, a private in the Royal Artillery, stationed at Woolwich. About one o'clock in the morning of the 15th of April, he and two other artillermen were passing along the Poultry on their way to the London-bridge Railway Station. They had been drinking, and lost the last train to Woolwich. The prisoner, whom they met by chance, struck him with what appeared at first to be a bludgeon. He fell from the effects of the blow, and as he lay on the ground the prisoner struck him again and then ran away, without having said a word before or during the assault. The complainant bled very much, and had some of his ribs bruised. A City police-constable on duty, whom the three soldiers had just passed, heard a disturbance, and seeing the prisoner running away from the spot, he followed and caught him. The prisoner had then a life-preserver in his hand, a most formidable weapon, which was produced in court. He was a total stranger to the three artillermen. There was no evidence of any attempt to rob. The prisoner admitted that he struck the blows, and sought to excuse himself by saying the complainant used an offensive expression towards him as he passed. He called his master as a witness, who spoke to his being a steady workman, and could not account for his being in the possession of a life-preserver. A friend of the prisoner identified the weapon as his, and said the prisoner, who had been spending the evening with him, had taken it away without his knowledge. The constable had found from inquiries that the prisoner was an amateur pugilist. His sister sought to explain the possession of the life-preserver by the circumstance that the hour was late, and suggested that he might have taken it to protect himself on his way home.—Mr. Alderman Wilson said the circumstances were suspicious, and he sentenced the prisoner, for what he regarded as a very wanton and aggravated assault, to 21 days' imprisonment in the House of Correction.—The prisoner appealed to have the option of paying a fine, but the alderman peremptorily refused to entertain the application.

THE ALLEGED MANSLAUGHTER OF LIEUTENANT BULLOCK, R.N.—James Brooke, who has been several times remanded on the charge of violently assaulting Lieutenant Bullock, R.N., at Chipperton's beer-shop, North-end, Fulham, thereby causing his death, was brought up for final examination.—Mr. Thomas, a solicitor, of Fulham, appeared for the prosecution.—Police-constable Smith, 226 T, said that about two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 29th ult., he was on duty at North-end, when he found the deceased lying in the forecourt of Chipperton's beer-shop. He endeavoured to rouse him up, but he could not, as he appeared quite insensible. With assistance he conveyed him to Brook-green Police-station, and afterwards to the hospital.—Mr. Chipperton was examined at considerable length, but he did not witness any assault. He said the deceased was drunk, but he was not served in his house. He put his hat on his head and told him to go away. When he closed his house he left the deceased lying in the forecourt. He took no further notice of him, as it was not an unusual occurrence for men to lie in his forecourt on Saturday nights, and to get up and walk away when they felt cold.—Mr. John Wyman, house-surgeon at the West London Hospital, said he saw the deceased about half-past six o'clock on Sunday morning, the 29th ult. He was brought to the hospital alive, but insensible. He never recovered his senses, but gradually sunk, and died about two hours afterwards. He had two bruises on his forehead, one on his upper arm, and another on one of his knees. Witness made a post-mortem examination of the body on the following Tuesday, and found a fracture of the upper and back part of the skull, and a large quantity of blood effused on the surface of the brain. The other organs of the body were not seriously diseased. The liver and kidneys were not perfectly healthy, but they were not sufficiently diseased to have caused death. The cause of death was the fracture of the skull and the effusion of blood on the brain. The fracture might have been caused either by a fall or a blow. Looking at the position of the fracture, he should say that dragging the deceased down the steps was not sufficient to produce it. The fracture might have been caused by the deceased being dropped from the prisoner's arms or to his head, but it was hardly probable. The blow on the forehead might have stunned him, and it was more likely to do so had he been drunk. He had a strong smell of spirits. If he had been knocked down, and fell on the back of his head, that might have caused the fracture. The effusion of blood on the brain from the fracture would cause immediate insensibility.—There not being any other evidence, Mr. Thomas addressed the magistrate with a view of having the prisoner committed for trial on the higher charge, and said, if the witnesses were to be believed, a certain amount of animus was shown.—Mr. Dayman said the animus was not shown until after the deceased was insensible. According to the evidence of the surgeon the dragging down the steps was not sufficient to cause the fracture. The prisoner had nothing to say, and he was then committed for trial at the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court for manslaughter.

IMPUDENT ROBBERY.—John Crawley, a youth of 19 years of age, was brought up on remand charged with loitering in St. Martin's-lane for the purpose of committing a felony, and also with several street robberies. It appeared that on the afternoon of the 1st of April, a young lady named Warren, residing at Woolwich, was passing along St. Martin's-lane, when the prisoner suddenly confronted her so as to compel her to stop, and snatched at her locket, snapping the chain by which it hung to her neck. He ran off with the locket and chain, and though she pursued him for some little way, she lost him in the maze of courts between St. Martin's-lane and Bedfordbury. She, however, went to the Bow-street station, and gave information to the police.—Sergeant Kerley, F 10, and Constable Dowdell, F 173, were instructed to investigate the case. From the description they at once suspected Crawley. The same evening they saw him in St. Martin's-lane, not far from the scene of the robbery. He was accompanied by another youth of his own class, named John Murphy, but better known as "Humpy Murphy," who had been no less than 14 times convicted of petty thefts. They were loitering about St. Martin's-lane, and occasionally planting themselves in front of those passengers who were better dressed than others, and hustling them, evidently with the intention of robbery. After watching them for some time, the officers took them into custody. The next day they were brought to the court, and "Humpy" was committed for three months, but Crawley was remanded for inquiry into various charges, including that of robbing Miss Warren. The young lady upon seeing him at once identified him as the thief. During the interval of remand other persons came forward and identified him as the person who had committed certain thefts of peculiar audacity. As amongst so many charges it was necessary to make a selection, two (making with Miss Warren's three, the largest number that can be included in one indictment), were gone into. On the 12th December last Mr. Booker, a chandelier-maker, of Tottenham-court-road, was passing through Crown-street, Soho, when the prisoner ran against him, snatched away his watch and chain, and "bolted" down an alley into a labyrinth of narrow courts. About the same time the prisoner coolly walked into the shop of Mr. Smith, Manchester warehouseman, Long-acre, took up a roll of 66 yards of calico, put it under his arm, rushed out of the shop, and, as in the other cases, baffled pursuit through the courts and alleys of the neighbourhood.—He was committed for trial on the three charges.

STEALING HALF A SHEEP AND A SIDE OF BACON.—George Seagrave, a singular-looking man, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with stealing half a sheep, worth about 2s., from the shop of Mr. Joseph Ridley, butcher, Cross-street,

Blackfriars-road.—David Goodman said that he was passing along Cross-street, when he saw several carcasses and halves of sheep hanging outside the shop of Mr. Ridley. The prisoner went up to the shop-door, and deliberately took down half a sheep, put it across his back and walked off with it. Witness called out "Stop thief!" when the prosecutor came out, and he told him what had occurred. They pursued the prisoner, who threw the meat away, and endeavoured to escape.—The prosecutor, Mr. Ridley, said that he saw the side of mutton hanging outside his door with other carcasses, and a few minutes afterwards he heard some one call out "Stop thief!" He went to the door, and saw last witness, who told him a man had stolen a side of mutton, and pointed out the direction he had gone with it. He accordingly proceeded towards Collingwood-street when he saw the prisoner throw the meat into the road, and run away. He was, however, captured, and handed over to a police-constable.—When called upon by the magistrate to answer the charge, he said he was guilty. He however was so drunk that he hardly knew what he was about.—Mr. Burcham sentenced him to two months' hard labour.—Thomas Jones, 18, was charged with stealing a side of bacon, worth 2/-, the property of Thomas Crump, bacon drier, Whitecross-street, Borough.—It appeared from the evidence of Charles Day, in the employ of the prosecutor, that about half-past seven in the morning he was lighting the fire in the counting-house, having left the keys of the drying-house outside on the window-sill. He heard a noise, and on going to the door he missed the keys, and found the door unlocked, and on looking up the yard he saw the prisoner running away with a side of bacon wrapped in a sack. He was pursued, and handed over to a constable.—John Comb, a carman, in the prosecutor's employ, said he stopped the prisoner, and found an apron tied round his waist, which witness identified as his property.—In answer to the charge, the prisoner said he picked up the bacon, wrapped in the sack, and was taking it to the station-house. (Laughter.)—The magistrate committed him for trial.

CHARGE OF FORGERY.—James Morris was brought before Mr. Vaughan on a charge of forgery. A young man named Blakey, residing in the house of the prisoner's parents, in Ampton-street, Gray's-inn-road, having occasion to go into the country for a few days, found upon his return that his Post-office savings-bank book had been taken from his room. On inquiry he found that three sums of £10 had been withdrawn from the Post-office bank in his name by a person who had produced his bank book and forged his signature. The fact that the prisoner had absconded directed suspicion to him. The police-officers connected with the Post-office establishment were instructed to investigate the case, and the prisoner was traced to Bristol, where he was apprehended. He was identified as the person who had withdrawn the money from the bank, signing the warrant with the prosecutor's name.—He was committed for trial.—Mr. Peacock, who conducted the case for the Post-office authorities, mentioned that the prosecutor would not be allowed to lose his money; the Post-office authorities would hold him harmless.

IMPORTANT DECISION UNDER THE NEW METROPOLITAN STREETS ACT.—COKE IS NOT COAL.—Mr. George Edwards, a carman carrying on business in the Borough, was summoned before Mr. Burcham, under the New Streets Regulation Act, for unlawfully carrying from a van in High-street ten sacks of coke across the footway during the prohibited hours, such street being set forth in the Act of Parliament. Evidence having been given that about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning the defendant unloaded several sacks of coke in High-street, Borough, and carried them across the pavement and shot them in a cellar, contrary to the provisions of the Act, Mr. Martin, the second clerk, drew his worship's attention to the wording of the Act, which says—"That no coal shall be unloaded and carried across the pavement in High-street, &c., between the hours of ten in the morning and six in the evening." The Act said nothing about coke, and the question was whether the latter could be taken as coal.—Mr. Burcham, after looking through the clauses of the Act, said that coke was originally coal, but under certain processes some ingredients were taken from it and it became coke. It does not come within the meaning of the Act of Parliament, as coke is not coal, and therefore the summons must be dismissed.

THE ADVERTISING MONEY-LENDER'S CASE.—Mr. George Sampson Mackennal, money-lender, of Piccadilly, and Avenue-road, St. John's-wood, charged with conspiring with his late clerk, James Ellis, to defraud several persons, was brought before Mr. Knox for further examination.—Mr. George Lewis, jun., appeared for the defence.—Police-constable Butcher, C 137, said there were several persons in attendance who were anxious to give evidence against the prisoner, and others had intimated their desire to give evidence also, but they had been tampered with by the friends of the prisoners, and were kept from the court.—Mr. Knox said he would hear what the persons in attendance had to say.—Mr. Geo. Seward, of No. 4, Eaton-place, stated that he went to the prisoner's office in Piccadilly for a loan of £80. He offered some house furniture as security. He paid £3 3s. for the inquiry, and Ellis came over and looked at the goods; but he never received the £80, although the security was ample, and he ultimately lost his £3 3s.—Mr. Thomas Deane, Chiselhurst, Kent, carpenter, applied to Mackennal for a loan of £560 on the security of some unfinished houses. The prisoner said if the property was of sufficient value he would advance the money. The prisoner said he had a banking account and then asked for £2 2s., which was paid to him. Ellis looked over the property, and, after some further interviews with Mackennal the security was not approved of. He called repeatedly on the prisoner, and at last got back half the money he had paid for investigation. Since these proceedings had been taken he called at the office in Piccadilly, and the prisoner promised to return him the balance, but had not done so. Should not have attended the court had he not been summoned.—Mr. Smith, Gipsy-hill, Norwood, builder, applied in April last to the prisoner for the loan of £100 on mortgage of two cottages, and paid £3 3s. for inquiry. A person came down and looked at the property, and then said he could have the money in day or two. He called about forty times in Piccadilly, sometimes being kept from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. The prisoner at last sent him a Post-office order for £1 1s. 6d., but he also sent a letter threatening proceedings if the balance was not also returned. He never got the loan or the balance.—Cross-examined: Had been sent to a Mr. Cook, who said he could not make the advance under £9 or £10 per cent., as the amount was so small. Was afterwards sent to a solicitor named Barrow, who required £5 5s. for his trouble, but he declined to pay the money.—Mr. Knox said he should again remand the prisoner, and not part with him until Ellis, who was made a witness, and who had been taken into custody on a charge of felony, was again before him.

A VIOLENT PRISONER.—Henry Thompson, tailor, employed by Mr. Henry Casey, of the Poultry, was sentenced to seven days' hard labour for indecently assaulting Jane Kemp, a granddaughter of the housekeeper. He declared he was innocent, and on leaving the dock threw his hat at Alderman Wilson and declared he would murder him. He was therupon sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour. It took five officers of the court to get him into the cells, and he so violently assaulted Sergeant Shaw, the keeper of the lock-up, that that officer preferred a charge against him, and he was brought out of the cells to be searched. He then again assaulted Shaw and Partridge, the gaoler, and his hands were obliged to be handcuffed behind him, and his shoes pulled off,

before he could be taken before the Court. As he was then a little calmer, he expressed himself as being very sorry for what he had done.—Mr. Alderman Wilson ordered him to find two sureties in 20/- each, and to enter into his own recognisances in 20/- to keep the peace to all Her Majesty's subjects for twelve months when he came out of Holloway Gaol.—The Alderman and Mr. Oke, the chief clerk, both instructed the gaoler to inform the governor of the prison of his conduct at the court.—Prisoner, on leaving the dock, told Alderman Wilson he should hear of him again.

THE "SPIRITUALIST" AND HIS DUPE.

Mr. W. M. JAMES, Q.C., opened the case of Lyon v. Home, by reading from the bill of complaint the substance of the plaintiff's case, and an affidavit of the plaintiff in substantiation of it. The plaintiff, Mrs. Lyon, is a lady advanced in life, whose husband died in 1859, leaving her the absolute control over a large fortune. She alleges in her affidavit that before dying her husband informed her that he believed a change would come in seven years from his death, and that they would meet. This she interpreted to mean that she would die in 1866, but in that year her views on the point changed, in consequence of information received by her from a female photographer in Westbourne-grove, to whom she had gone to have a photograph of her deceased husband copied. The photographer told her that death was unnecessary in order to meet him, and directed her to become a spiritualist. She also lent Mrs. Lyon books on the art of spiritualism, and directed her attention to the great head medium, Mr. Home, who had just opened an Atheneum at Sloane-street, for the encouragement of the belief. Mrs. Lyon was also advised to become a subscriber to the institution. She immediately wrote to the defendant Home for a prospectus and particulars of the Atheneum, and offered to pay a subscription. Mr. Home having sent her no reply, she stated that, on the 3rd of October, 1866, she went to 72, Sloane-street, where the Atheneum was, and where Mr. Home resided. She was shown upstairs into a room where Mr. Home was sitting in company with a table, which, directly after the plaintiff had stated the case, began, with praiseworthy zeal, to rap a message. Home said at once that "this was a call for the alphabet." Up to that time the plaintiff was ignorant that messages arrived from spirits through medium only, and that an arrangement had been come to between the invisible world and the visible table; that one rap should signify the negative, three raps the affirmative, and five raps a call for the alphabet. The *modus operandi* by the alphabet was that on each letter being pointed out or uttered the spirit rapped when he had got the letter he wanted, and so somewhat painfully the oracle was delivered. Home then, by means of the alphabet applied orally, developed the following message from the spirit of the deceased Mr. Lyon:—"My own beloved Jane—I am Charles, your beloved husband. I live to bless you, my own precious darling, I am with you always. I love, love, love you." The spirit further added, "I have no power to speak more; but I will never leave you more, my own darling." The plaintiff, who was greatly cheered and comforted by this precious intelligence, proposed to reward Mr. Home by a handsome subscription, but having no cheque with her she postponed the donation till a second interview, when amongst other things the spirit, interpreted by Home, informed her "I love, love, love you. Be very calm. I will touch you." These interviews appear to have been worth to Mr. Home or his Atheneum, the sum of £30 and £50. The plaintiff had no child by the deceased spirit, but this omission was rectified at a third interview between Home and the plaintiff at the plaintiff's house. The spirit then, with Home's assistance, communicated the tidings, "I love Daniel," meaning presumably the modern prophet, "he is to be your son: he is my son—therefore yours." The table then ecstatically kicked up its legs, and the spirit continued, "I am happy, happy. In a little time I will make myself visible to you. O do not say that the light of other days is gone. I am with you," or words to that effect. The effect of this intelligence was overwhelming. The defendant, Home, further informed her that it was the will of the spirit that she should adopt him as her son, that a friend of Home's named Hall should be sent for, and that she should produce stock receipts for the sum of about £24,000. Under the influence, as Mrs. Lyon alleges, of Home's spiritual powers and ascendancy, she went on the 10th of October, 1866, to the Bank of England and there transferred the sum of £24,000 stock to Home. Shortly after this Home, at another spiritual interview, assured her that it was the spirit's will that she should destroy her existing will and make another will bequeathing everything she possessed to Home, and that a Dr. Hawley and a Mr. Ruder were to be the attesting witnesses. The will to this effect was soon afterwards prepared for the defendant by William Martin Wilkinson, a solicitor of Lincoln's-inn-fields, and was executed by the plaintiff, and attested by Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Hall. The plaintiff's property is said to be worth nearly £150,000. It is not surprising that on the strength of these spiritual communications, Home enrolled a deed on the 3rd of December, 1866, by which he assumed the name of Lyon. On the 10th of the same December the plaintiff was again induced to go to the Bank and transfer to Home £6,700 more stock. On the 12th of December she executed a deed-poll prepared by Wilkinson and not approved by any solicitor on her behalf. This deed recited her intention to transfer the above sums of stock for the absolute benefit of Home, and she did thereby, in order to "remove all doubts, suspicions, and controversies, irrevocably declare that such gift was made of her own free will and pleasure, and without any influence or control" by the defendant Home. On the 19th of January, 1867, another deed was executed by her, also prepared by Wilkinson, and also not approved by any solicitor on her behalf. By this deed, which was made between her and Wilkinson, after a recital that she was entitled to £30,000 then out on mortgage, and that it was her intention to make further provision for her adopted son, she thereby declared that she had of her free will and pleasure, and without any influence, control, or interference by him, determined absolutely and irrevocably to settle the said sum for his benefit, retaining the interest only during her life. The deed then contained a settlement of the money and the securities for the same for Home's benefit, and a proviso and declaration by the plaintiff that such settlement was absolute and irrevocable, and should not be disputed by her or her representatives, and that what was thereby settled should be in addition to previous gifts. On the 21st of February, 1867, she was again induced to go to the Bank and transfer £2,290 stock to Home's name. On the 13th March, 1867, Home or Lyon sold out £20,000 stock, and advanced it to Wilkinson, or others, on certain mortgage securities. The bill then concluded with a clause that the plaintiff discovered she had been imposed upon, and that the gifts had been made under the spiritual influence of the defendant, and submits that she is entitled to have the gifts set aside. The bill prayeth that the gifts may be declared void, and for a re-transfer of the funds and a re-transfer and assignment of all securities for the same, and for a writ of *ne cesset regno*. It is, perhaps, fortunate that this writ having been granted, and the defendant arrested upon it, all the monies and securities in question have been brought into court. No case that has for many years past come before the Courts of Chancery has created so much excitement as this. The court was densely crowded the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday, and when the judge rose a mob of persons remained outside to wait for the departure of the defendant, whose appearance occasioned an outburst of hissing and hooting on the part of the prematurely-indignant crowd, by whom he was followed and hustled some distance to his cab. The Court again adjourned and at the time of our going to press, judgment had not been delivered.

THE CLERKENWELL OUTRAGE.

TRIAL OF THE PRISONERS.

An adjourned session of the Central Criminal Court was held on Monday for the purpose of disposing of the cases of the six prisoners who are charged with the crime of wilful murder, arising out of the desperate attempt to blow up the wall of the House of Detention, at Clerkenwell, for the purpose of procuring the liberation of the Fenian prisoners, Burke, Shaw, and Casey, and that of the last three mentioned prisoners for treason felony; the indictment in the last-mentioned case having been removed to this court from the Warwick Assizes, where in due course it would have been tried, upon the application of the prisoners. There were more than 300 jurymen summoned to attend; however, it turned out that the right of challenge was exercised very sparingly, and not more than half a dozen in the whole number of the gentlemen who were summoned were objected to.

The Lord Chief Justice (Sir A. Cockburn), and Mr. Baron Bramwell took their seats on the bench soon after ten o'clock.

The six prisoners charged with the crime of murder arising out of the explosion at the Clerkenwell House of Detention were then placed at the bar. They were:—William Desmond, 33, bootmaker; Timothy Desmond, 46 (his brother), tailor; Nicholas English, 46, tailor; John O'Keefe, 25, bootmaker; Michael Barrett, alias Jackson, 27, no occupation; and Anne Justice, 22, married. They were charged upon six separate indictments, and also by the like number of coroner's inquisitions with the crime of wilful murder.

The indictment to which the prisoners were called upon to plead, charged them with the wilful murder of Sarah Ann Hodgkinson.

Mr. Avery, the clerk of arraignment, put the formal question to the prisoners whether they were guilty or not guilty, and they all readily replied in a loud tone of voice, not guilty. The woman Justice exclaimed, "I am not guilty, I know nothing about it."

The trial was resumed at the sitting of the Court on Tuesday, before the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Mr. Baron Bramwell. There was little or no excitement manifested on the part of the public to hear the proceedings. At ten o'clock, the hour named for the sitting of the Court, there were not 20 spectators present. That number, however, gradually increased, and by eleven o'clock the court became filled in every part.

The evidence given was chiefly a repetition of what appeared at the investigation at Bow-street. The jury had not given their verdict at the time of our going to press.

THE PROSECUTION OF EX-GOVERNOR EYRE.

On Wednesday, Mr. Eyre, late Governor of Jamaica, appeared before Mr. Vaughan, to answer a summons issued a few days since at the instance of Mr. John Stuart Mill, M.P., and Mr. Peter A. Taylor, M.P., on the charge of misconduct in that capacity.

Mr. R. P. Collier and Mr. J. Horne Payne conducted the case; and Mr. Rose defended Mr. Eyre, who occupied a seat at the solicitors' table.

Mr. Vaughan said that before proceeding with the case he wished to call Sir R. P. Collier's attention to a technical objection.

Mr. Rose hoped he might first be allowed to make an application for the adjournment of the case, as Mr. Eyre's counsel was unable to attend.

Mr. Vaughan said that Mr. Eyre would not be prejudiced. If the objection could not be answered the summons would be dismissed. If Sir R. P. Collier could meet it to his satisfaction, and could convince him that he ought to go on with the case, then he would take care that it should be adjourned for the attendance of counsel. The learned magistrate proceeded to explain the nature of the technical objection, which was substantially that though the statute under which these proceedings were taken provided that the depositions should be sent to the Court of Queen's Bench, he had no power to commit the prisoner to that court, but only to courts of oyer and terminer, i.e., in this instance, the Central Criminal Court or Middlesex Sessions.

Sir R. P. Collier contended at considerable length that the Court of Queen's Bench is a court of oyer and terminer, and referred to authorities in support of that view.

Mr. Vaughan, however, held that it was not a court of oyer and terminer for the purpose of this prosecution, and held that he had not jurisdiction. If Sir R. P. Collier still thought he had, he might apply to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus to compel him to go on. At present he declined to exercise jurisdiction, but should adjourn the case to give time for an application to the Lord Chief Justice.

CRUEL CONDUCT.

MRS. PRATT, a poor needlewoman, attended by many others in the same condition as herself, applied to the worthy magistrate at Guildhall for his advice and assistance. Several advertisements had lately appeared in the local papers, offering bad work to people to execute, but requiring a small deposit for security of the goods given out. The advertisement bore no name, but applicants were directed to apply to No. 4, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street. Upwards of thirty poor women and girls went there in answer to the advertisement, and each made deposits of from 2s. 6d. to 15s., according to the work they took. Their work completed, they took it home, and were told to call on Saturday for their money. When they called on that Saturday there was nobody in the office, but a notice was put up stating that Mr. D. Wilson would meet the workpeople on the following Wednesday, pay them for their work, and return them their deposits. When they went on that day another notice was put up, putting off the day of payment until another day, and so it had been going on till the present time. When they called on Saturday last,

the notice requested them to call on next Saturday; but, as there appeared to be no prospect of ever seeing Mr. D. Wilson, they had come to see if this Court could give them any redress.

Mr. Martin, chief clerk, said it looked very like a fraud, and if Mrs. Pratt would bring him a copy of the advertisement, he would see what redress the alderman could give her.

Mrs. Pratt thanked the alderman, and withdrew.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. M'GEE.

It is to be hoped that the detection of the assassin of Mr. M'Gee will follow the crime as swiftly as his arrest. Booth succeeded the murder of Mr. Lincoln. The Canadian papers consider the evidence against the man Whelan, who is charged with firing the pistol, as overwhelmingly strong. The doorkeeper of the Canadian Parliament deposes that he had admitted Whelan four different times to the gallery of the House on the night of the murder, and speaks of his excited and uneasy demeanour. A revolver found upon him showed signs of having been recently discharged, and the bullet discovered exactly corresponded with some in the prisoner's possession. For years past it is asserted he has openly avowed Fenian sentiments and hatred of M'Gee. A later telegram goes further and states that three men who were charged as accomplices had turned Queen's evidence against Whelan. We find there is a general belief, as in the case of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, that the deed is the result of a conspiracy, in which the guilt of the actual murderer is shared by several accomplices.

SUPPOSED FENIAN DESIGNS ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

RUMOURS that an attempt had been made to fire Buckingham Palace were current on Tuesday night, and were the subject of conversation in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons. As the result of special inquiries instituted at a late hour, we learn that the report was not entirely destitute of foundation, and it is said to be the opinion of the police that such an attempt was contemplated. It seems that between 8 and 9 o'clock a constable in plain clothes was walking along the mall in St. James's Park, when his attention was drawn to two suspicious-looking men proceeding in the direction of the palace. They carried a large hamper, and from their manner he thought something was wrong. He accordingly followed them, and on nearing the palace they halted for a time, and, after looking about, turned off in the direction of Buckingham-gate. He then accosted and questioned them, but could elicit no satisfactory reply. Ultimately both men were taken to the King-street station, and the constable having made his statement, the inspector on duty put the usual questions to the prisoners, neither of whom would give his name, or any account of himself. They were dressed in the garb of labourers. The hamper, on being opened, was found to contain several tin cases of what is known as "Greek fire," the smell from which occasioned some alarm at the station whilst it was being inspected. The men, as a matter of course, were safely lodged in the cells.

Up to Wednesday the two men lodged in the King-street Police-station, and suspected of an unlawful design upon Buckingham Palace, had not been removed; and it was not certain at what time instructions would be received from Sir Richard Mayne, for their examination at Bow-street. Sergeant Langley had at present also failed in the apprehension of a third man said to be implicated in the case. There is every reason to assume that but a short time will elapse ere the names and characters of both men in custody will be known to the authorities. The police are satisfied as to their relation with the Fenian brotherhood.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A PRIVATE letter from Dr. Livingstone to a friend in Edinburgh, given in the *Daily News*, furnishes news of the great traveller down to February last year. It recounts considerable hardships, but leaves Livingstone in good health and spirits, in the midst of forests so dense and leafy that one "cannot see fifty yards on either side," and "at 10 degrees 10 minutes south latitude, and long. 31 degrees 50 minutes 2 sec. The slave dealing tribes had fled at his approach, and the prestige of the English name has actually been among the gravest inconveniences experienced by the explorer. His Joanna men left him through fear of the slave traders' vengeance; he was prevented crossing a lake because the owners of the only boats on it dreaded he would burn them as slaves, and discreetly hid themselves, and he found whole districts denuded of food by tribes whose traffic in their friends and enemies is their sole means of subsistence. Hunger and the rainy season had delayed his progress, but the latter part of his letter is dated from Bembé, where he has just had a cow given him by the chief, upon which he is about to make "Christmas feast, as I promised the boys a blow-out when we came to a place of plenty." "We have had precious hard times," writes the brave doctor, "but I would not complain if it had not been gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as they would burst the skin." In parts where game abounded Livingstone "had filled the pot with the first-rate rifle given me by Captain Fraser," but elsewhere the only food had been "a species of millet which passes the stomach almost unchanged." But his sorest grief was the loss of his medicine chest, which "with plates, dishes, clothes, and much of our powder," was stolen by two of the natives employed in carrying them, and whom it was found impossible to follow. This "fell upon my heart like a sentence of death by fever," notwithstanding which he resolved cheerfully to trust to native remedies, and to hope the best. The letter concludes sanguinely, and mentions the slow rate of progress—eight miles a day—and the necessity of travelling zig-zag as causes for delay. It is, however, cheering

to note that the party has not had a single difficulty with the "people" they are with now; and that the gang of Arab slavers who promise to post Livingstone's letters at Zanzibar have obviously kept their word.

SHOCKING DEATH WHILE WINDOW CLEANING.—Between 6 and 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening a young man, named Fuller, met with his death while cleaning the second-floor windows at the City of London College for Ladies, No. 8, City-road. How the accident occurred cannot be explained, for it seems the deceased was provided with a machine employed by glaziers from which he fell into the area beneath, a considerable distance. The poor fellow when picked up presented a pitiable sight. He was immediately conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital where it was found that he had sustained internal and other serious injuries, and died within an hour after his admission.

SUICIDE THROUGH DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS.—On Wednesday an inquest was held at the London Hospital on the body of J. Miller, aged 48 years. Deceased, it was stated, had recently been greatly depressed by the ingratitude of his children, who had deserted him. On the 16th of March he took laudanum, and was removed to the hospital, where he lingered until Tuesday last, and he died from the indirect effects of the poison. The jury found a verdict of "Suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind."

THE JAPANESE TROUPE.—The "top-spinner" of the Japanese troupe, who appeared at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday, died at the house where they lodge, in Upper Stamford-street, last week. He had been ailing for some considerable period before he came to England, having first shown symptoms of failing health at Brussels. He was originally a very robust, healthy man, apparently about forty years of age. The little girl who is with the troupe, and whose playful antics on the stage are so amusing, is the daughter of the deceased performer. Her mother is in Japan, and it was with the greatest reluctance that the poor woman was persuaded to allow the child to be taken away from her.

At the Midl-se Sessions, two men were indicted for stealing 13 bales of tobacco, of the value of £385, and the case afforded a remarkable illustration of the vast amount of property daily committed to the custody of vanmen and carmen. The stolen property does not appear to have been traced. The prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced each to five years' penal servitude.

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